CAMARADERIE

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CAMARADERIE

The Nineteen Sixteen Camaraderie

THE ANNUAL OF THE SENIOR CLASS

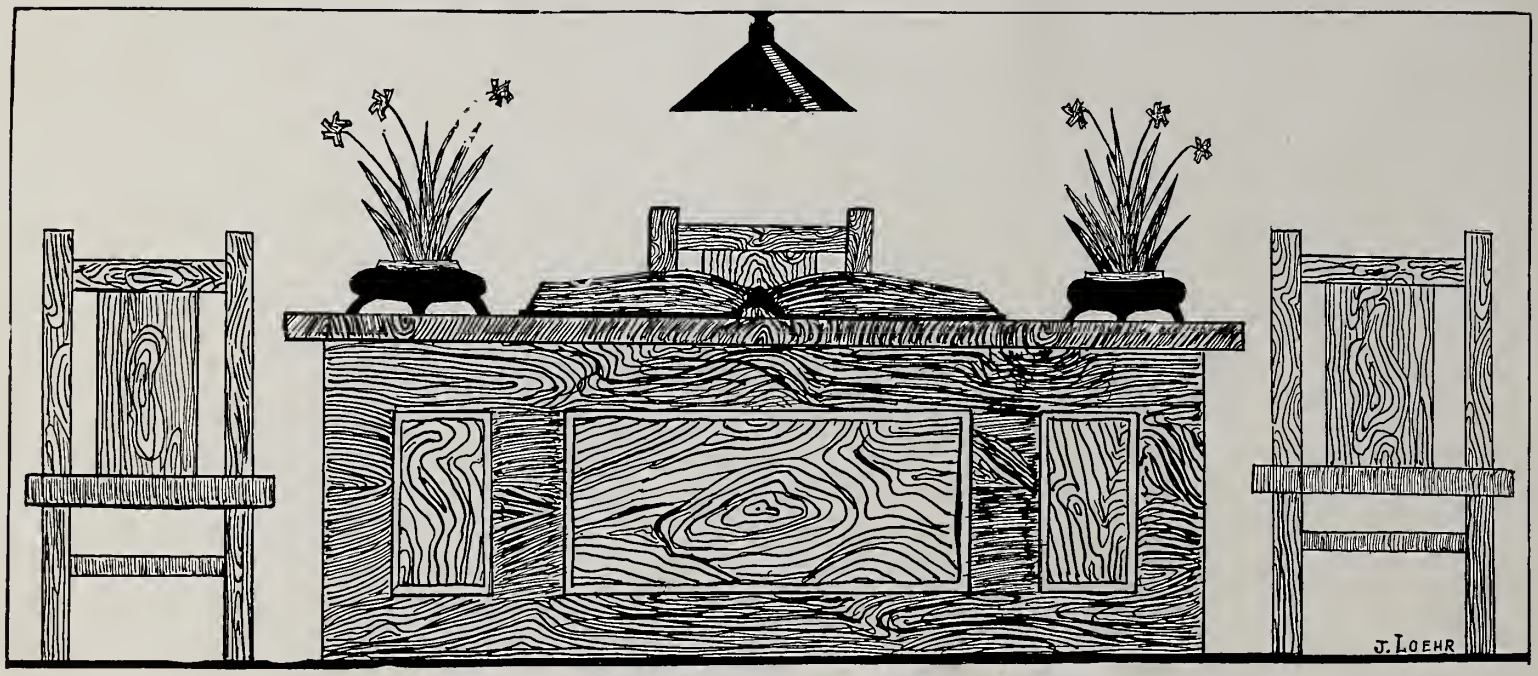
OF GREENFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

1916

GREENFIELD, INDIANA

1916

CAMARADERIE



Superintendent and School Board
Faculty
Seniors
Juniors
Sophomores
Freshmen

Athletics
Organizations
Senior Department
Special Departments
Kodak Pages
Literary

Riley Day
Drama
Jokes
Calander
Alumni
Advertising

Dedication

To our parents, we the members of the Senior Class of 1916, in appreciation of all that they have done for us, dedicate this Camaraderie.

THE DISMISSAL

Another day has passed and gone,
Its lessons all are o'er;
The students now from school room cares
Are homeward bound once more.

Their algebra forgotten is,
Euclid and Caesar, too.
And to all the other puzzling things
Again they bid adieu.

Whither away so fast, my friends?
Why do you look so gay?
Has life and love more charms elsewhere,
Than you've found in school today?

In glad converse they chatter away,
Nor heed my questionaire,
Till the music of their voices
Has vanished on the air.

Life has tasks for them, we know,
Beyond tomorrow's sun;
So may the joys of the present glow
Till tomorrow's work is done.

CAMARADERIE

1916

EDITORIAL

THE SCHOOL year of 1915-1916, with its academic tasks, both pleasant and otherwise, but mostly pleasant, has come to a close. Our good old ship, the Greenfield High School, bearing a precious cargo of human freight, after a peaceful voyage of more than eight months, has reached port.

She had on her passenger list a total of two hundred and thirteen—one hundred twelve girls and one hundred one boys, a greater number than she has ever carried on any previous trip and twenty-three more than she had listed a year ago.

Eigthy-eight of this number had never sailed with her before, forty-five made their second voyage this year, fifty-one count this year their third trip, and there are twenty-three who came into port with her this time who say that it is their fourth and last voyage. There were six on the ship who had made four previous sailings.

The age of the passengers ranged from thirteen to twenty-one, inclusive. Eighty-two of the number were neither tardy nor absent from any function on the vessel.

STAFF
WILL
EDITor
In
Chief
The End of a Perfect Day
NO GAME
RAIN
HELEN FRAZIER

The Staff

Editor-in-Chief.....MARJORIE HUGHES

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HAROLD HUFFORD.

Faculty Advisor,
LENORE MCSHANE.

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ESTHER HUBIG.

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Organizations,
JOHN OXER.

Society,
EDITH DUNCAN.

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CAMARADERIE

1916

CAMARADERIE

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Treasurer of School Board.

FRANK LARRABEE, *Superintendent.*

T. E. LOWE,
President of School Board.

R. F. MORGAN,
Secretary of School Board.

1916

FACULTY

CAMARADERIE

Elmer Andrews
(Principal)
History
Danville, Butler, Indiana University, A. B.

Our beloved principal has a fondness for red ties. He is often shocked when he sees two whole people whisper in one charge.

Lenore J. McShane
English
Indiana University, A. B.

Talk of being busy! She has enough engagements to fill double her time. Beloved of the Seniors.

Floyd M. Garrison
Mathematics
Muncie Normal Institute, B. S., Indiana University.

Garry has the interests of G. H. S. at heart. We appreciate the privileges he has given the Seniors.

Clara Harlan
Latin and English
Indiana University.

The Freshmen and Juniors can tell you all about Miss Harlan. She is often shocked at the Juniors' poor English. She is inclined toward the West.

Beatrice B. Hayes
German
Ohio State, Kansas University, A. B.

Miss Hayes is a G. H. S. fixture. She devotes most of her time and energy to the Juniors. A friend of everyone.

CAMARADERIE

Eva Nelson

Mathematics

Indiana State Normal.

Corydon must have discovered that she is "Eve-a-lire." No wonder he is so devoted to her.

Hazel L. Dillon

Domestic Science

Indiana University, Thomas Training School

Miss Dillon is a business woman, with a large correspondence. In late months she has spent her leisure moments gazing toward the East.

Merle Brandenburg

Drawing

Herron Art Institute, Miami University.

We all stand up for Miss Brandenburg, for she has done so much for the Annual.

Fern Trees

Music

Metropolitan School of Music.

Miss Trees has an awful time. The students are the sweetest things, but she just can't remember their names.

Selma Stephens

Sewing

Teachers' College, New York, Indiana University.

Miss Stephens has to spend most of her time in the office—when she isn't taking us there. She has helped us with the Annual.

CAMARADERIE

Dorothy Bowser
Latin and Chemistry
Butler, A. B.

"You've got the cutest little swagger in your walk."

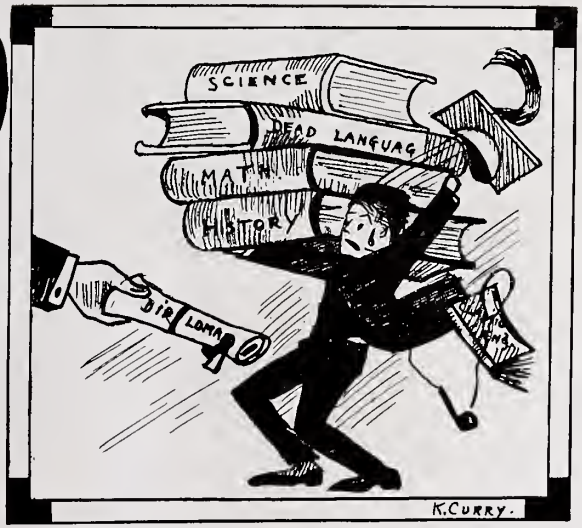
Louis Karns
Physics
Earlham, Chicago University, Grinnell University.

Mr. Karns has a dislike for "pugnacious" boys. It's a shame they had to have a married man for a science teacher.

Eloise Henley
Botany and Mathematics
Indiana University, Earlham, A. B.

We'll tell you a secret —Miss Henley is all wrapt up in the Freshmen. They are the dearest things!

SENIORS 1916



CAMARADERIE

Lois Abbott

Senior play, Latin Club '13, Glee Club '14-'15-'16, Staff.

We notice there wasn't anything very "Strong" in our will, composed by Lois. 'Twould seem she would wish to take that along.

Vola Burkhardt

She drives a Ford, Conk! Conk!

Vera Burton

Senior play.

She must have had experience to play her part so well in our Senior play.

Edith Duncan

Glee Club '15-'16, Dramatic Club '16, Senior play, Staff.

"Why, down at Shelbyville they don't think that I'm affected!'"

Anna Forest

German Club '13-'14-'15.

The tom-boy of our school. Her enthusiasm over everything and especially our class affairs is unrivalled.

CAMARADERIE

Agnes Gates

Agnes thinks it would be nice to have a Senior dance if the boys would dance in one room and the girls in another. Her curls have the cutest little ropes on one end.

Iva Giles

"Here comes the bride." She certainly is an industrious student.

Asa Goodwin

Football '14-'15-'16, Staff, I-R-O-N—"arn," Quite a lady fusser, as he is the only boy in the chemistry class. He is famous for his laugh and automobile truck rides with our editor-in-chief.

Matilda J. Hafner

German Club '14-'15-'16, Staff.

The "perfect," except for a little stubborness. She is always ready to do her share and extend ideas.

Carol Hagans

Latin Club '13, German Club, Glee Club '15-'16, Vice-President Junior class, Secretary and Treasurer Senior class.

"I have supreme confidence in myself."

CAMARADERIE

Esther Hubig

German Club '13-'14-'15.

Everybody's best friend. There is only one thing the matter with Greenfield for Esther—it is too far from Anderson.

Harold Hufford

President of Junior Class, Dramatic Club '15-'16, German Club '15-'16, Business manager.

"Moffit" won a prize in the oratorical contest two years ago and has been living on dramatic impetus ever since.

Marjorie H. Hughes

Latin Club '13, Glee Club '15-'16, Dramatic Club '15-'16, German Club '14-'15-'16, Senior play, Secretary-Treasurer Junior class, Editor-in-chief.

Wanted — A fellow who will play with me and no one else, and who will cry when I play with the other boys! Alas! we are afraid you will have to have him made to order, like your shoes, Marje.

Donald Hilt

Football '12-'14-'15, German Club '14-'15, Basketball '15, Track team '16, Staff.

"Hilty" is an all around athlete, and we think he is a pretty nice boy, after all, even if he does get "peeved."

Cora Jackson

Glee Club '14-'15-'16, Senior play, German Club, Staff.

Cora is one of the story telling girls. She is noted for her walk, and her interest in Freshmen boys.

CAMARADERIE

Herman Jackson

Senior Play, Staff.

"I don't see why I was made joke editor." Does anyone?

Elizabeth Jackson

Latin Club '13, German Club '14-'15, Dramatic Club '14-'15-'16, Senior play, Staff.

Between Indiana, Butler and John, we think "Jib" will do well all right. We have a splendid literary department due to her efforts.

Wynema Kight

German Club '14-'15.

"Short, fat and saucy —that's me."

Eva Knight

It always starts the day wrong for Eva to get to school on time.

John Tom Loehr

Football '16, Staff.

If you should meet a bit of stubborness swaggering down the street, speak to it—it won't bite.

CAMARADERIE

Roland Lewis

German Club '13-'14.

"I like Florence, but sum'mers or other, I wish she wouldn't fix my tie right in front of the school building." We know that he will never trip in life as he does sometimes when talking rapidly.

Irene Lowe

German Club '14-'15, Staff.

"On to art school or the barber shop," is "Rene's" slogan. Her name appears frequently in the little book on the desk.

Floyd Mannon

Football '14-'15, Vice-President Senior Class, Senior play, Captain of baseball team.

If "Bud" were to die tomorrow he'd still be long for this world. He made the all-state football team this year.

Robert Mason

Senior play, Three year student, Staff.

"Roberta" is noted for his blushes, his partiality for Freshmen girls and his "Francis Ford" hair cut. This little man is one of our best students.

Helen Morgan

Senior play, Staff.

"Chick" is a pretty good mathematician, but she has never been able to find out how to keep two fellows on the string at the same time; she tries to manage everything.

CAMARADERIE

John Oxer

Three year student, Football '14-'15, Staff, Track team.

Brains and energy plus "Jib's" inspiration equal John's undaunted integrity—therefore the name, "John the Faithful."

Paul Rhoadarmer

President of Senior class, Dramatic Club '15-'16, Senior play, Latin Club '13, Quartet, Basketball, Baseball.

What are those mysterious noises? Oh, it is Paul singing. His bull dog tenacity in class affairs is envied (?) by everyone.

Donald Shumway

Latin Club '13.

He is so noisy and the "awfullest lady fusser."

Dale Spencer

Quartet '13-'14-'15, Senior play, Staff.

Dale's papa owns our "Daily Repeater." No wonder Dale is so wise.

Joseph Walker

Latin Club '13, Senior play, Dramatic Club '16, Staff.

"Joe" can't decide whether to be a police man or the President of the United States, but he is slightly in favor of the former.

CAMARADERIE

Lucile Walton

Latin Club '13, German Club '15-'16, Pres. Dramatic Club '16, Staff, Basketball.

She seems to be inclined toward Bloomington and sauer kraut. "Cile" has forty-three credits, which breaks the record for our school.

Audrey Miller

German Club '13-'14-'15-'16.

To look at Audrey, you would think she would just love the study of German, but she just never can find her German book.

Harry Weeder

Football '15, Track team '16.

"I'm the lady-fusser from Mt. Comfort, and all the girls sure are crazy about me."

Josephine Wilson

German Club '15-'16.

Josephine's hair is the shining light of our class.

Gerald Zike

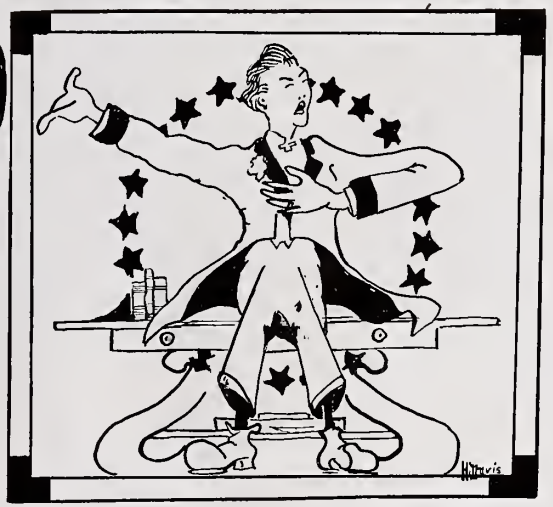
Staff, Senior play.

Dramatic Club '14-'15-'16,

Sometimes Gerald is carried away on the wings of oratory and we can't decide whether he is "kidding" or just does not know any better.

JUNIORS

1917



CAMARADERIE

First Row—Meek, Eaton, Leamon, Stanley, Yelton, Walton, Tuttle
Second Row—Strickland, Sparks, Maple, Elsbury, Phemister, Brooks, Griffith, Frost, King, Sitton
Third Row—Hart, Walker, Larrabee, Ware, Jacobs, Havens, Reed, Jackson, Stockdale

CAMARADERIE

First Row—Oldham, Lowe, Spilker, Cook, Mullendore, Trees, Morton
Second Row—Hamilton, Apple, Bottsford, Stanley, McIntyre, Elliott, Robb, Hall, Deardorff
Third Row—Scott, Jackson, Orr, Bruner, Spangler, Smart, Walker, Wright, Thomas, Glascock

Junior Class

OFFICERS

Robert Spangler—*President* Rosalie Deardorff—*Vice-President* Avery Thomas—*Secretary-Treasurer*
Colors—*Purple and gold* Miss Beatrice Hayes—*Faculty Advisor*

CLASS ROLL

Gertrude Apple
Mary Bottsford
Jessie Brooks
Dorothy Bruner
Herman Cook
Rosalie Deardorff
Agnes Elliott
Minerva Elsbury
Elizabeth Frost
Josephine Glascock
Bertha Griffith
Gladys Hall
Lavonne Hamilton
Paul Hanes
Ruth Hart
Nettie Jackson
Robert Jackson
Bernice Jacobs
Eva King
Elizabeth Larrabee
Harold Leamon
Hoyet Lowe
Ada Mae Maple
Mae McIntyre
Dale Morton
Russel Mullendore
Landon New
Horace Oldham
Kenneth Orr
Dona Phemister
Helen Reed
Gladys Robb
Howard Scott
William Singewald
Marie Sitton
Mildred Smart
Josephine Sparks
Robert Spangler
Walter Spilker
Robert Stanley
Eureka Stanley
Marietta Stockdale
Harriett Strickland
Avery Thomas
Clancy Trees
Charles Tuttle
Clarence Ware
Hiram Walker
Hugh Walker
Carey Yelton

SOPHOMORES

19 18

CAMARADERIE

First Row—Trees, Furry, Roeback, Grotius, Parish, Scott, Harper, Duncan, Page
Second Row—Bateman, Rabe, Kirkpatrick, Mosey, Scott, Mosey, Johnson, Julian, Cox

CAMARADERIE

First Row—Sexson, Rottman, Krammes, Larrimore, Mauser, Goble, Eaton, Thomas, Holding
Second Row—Davis, Martindale, Wilson, Haines, Harold, Hilligoss, Morehead, Koin, Darr

The Ideal G. H. S. Boy

Manly	*as*	*Avery Thomas*
Spirited	*as*	*Harry Elliott*
Frank	*as*	*Harry Weeder*
Dignified	*as*	*Harold Hufford*
Courteous	*as*	*Dale Morton*
Strong	*as*	*Paul Strong*
Persistent	*as*	*Gerald Zike*
Generous	*as*	*Landon New*
Good natured	*as*	*Paul Haines*
Industrious	*as*	*Robert Mason*
Independent	*as*	*John Loehr*
Enthusiastic	*as*	*Paul Rhoadarmer*
Steady	*as*	*Donald Hilt*
Faithful	*as*	*John Oxer*
Accommodating	*as*	*Warren Mannon*
Optimistic	*as*	*Floyd Mannon*

FRESHMEN

19 19

CAMARADERIE

First Row—Frazier, Duncan, Rock, Johnson, Curry, Haines, Kimble, Richman, Towles
Second Row—Buskins, Mullendore, Boyd, Byers, Kinsley, Wright, Allred, White, Davis
Third Row—Gappen, Binford, Lineback, Duncan, Wiggins, Hough, Service, Mealey, Mason, Ponsler

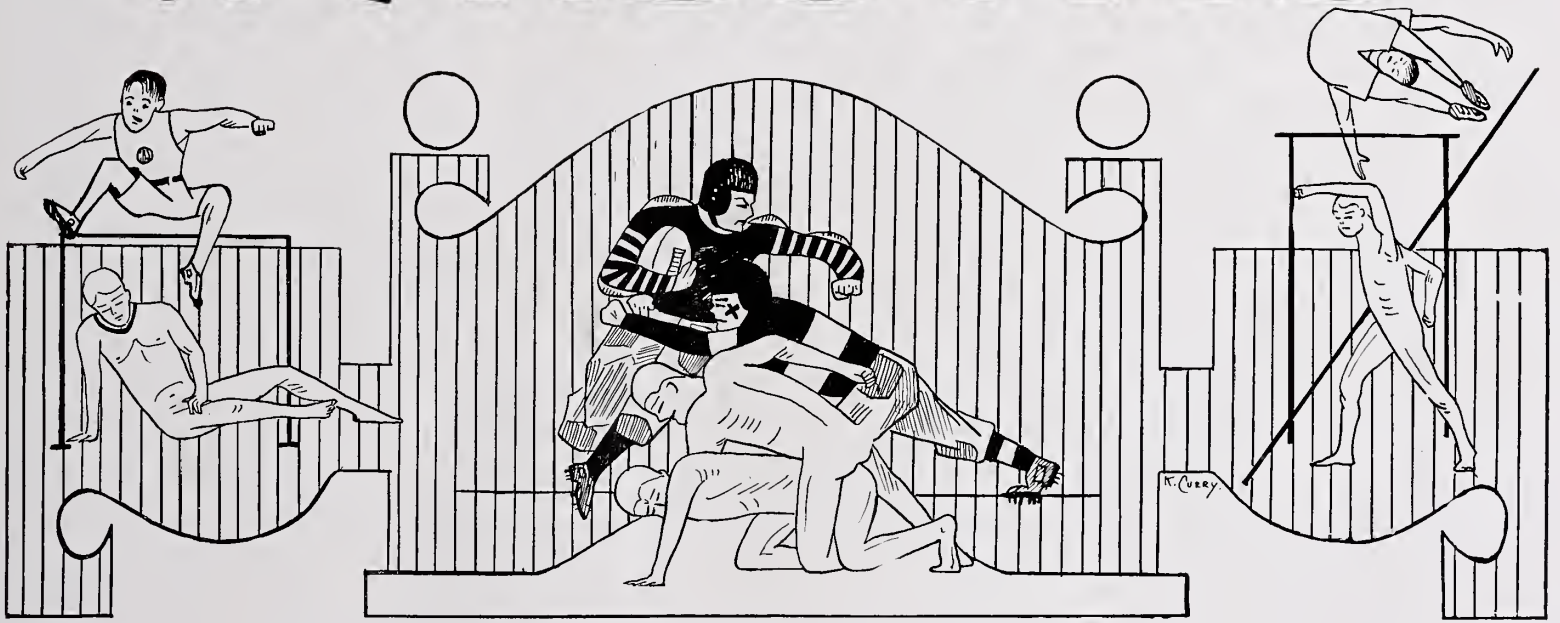
CAMARADERIE

First Row—Glascock, Kiger, Thomas, Cotty
Second Row—Ruffner, Kight, Dinsmore, Boyd, Furry, Clarke, Humes, Boyd, Shellon
Third Row—Hilt, Chapman, Farrell, Holbrook, Cooper, Fletcher, Hooten, Fort, Shackles, Presnall
Fourth Row—Mannon, Zimmerman, Cotty, Crosley, Feaster, Chapman, Gorman, Johnson, Kyser, Darnell

The Ideal G. H. S. Girl

Hair	*like*	*Irene Lowe*
Complexion	*like*	*Helen Bateman*
Blushes	*like*	*Jessie Brooks*
Eyes	*like*	*Helen Thomas*
Teeth	*like*	*Elizabeth Jackson*
Smiles	*like*	*Helen Morgan*
Laugh	*like*	*Harriett Strickland*
Voice	*like*	*Olive Haines*
Good nature	*like*	*Margaret Morehead*
Fun	*like*	*Rosalie Deardorff*
Spirit	*like*	*Kate Curry*
Pride	*like*	*Agnes Gates*
Egotism	*like*	*Reeves Allred*
Self-confidence	*like*	*Carol Hagans*
Modesty	*like*	*Matilda Hafner*
Sweet temper	*like*	*Elizabeth Frost*
Daintiness	*like*	*Marion Darr*
Neatness	*like*	*Grace Gambrel*
Grace	*like*	*Marcia Hongh*
Devotion	*like*	*Lucile Walton*

ATHLETICS



Football Editorial

THE G. H. S. foot ball team was coached through a successful season this year by two former students of G. H. S. of foot ball fame, who live in this city. They are: Ralph Arnold, who has played with Butler, Ohio State and Chicago; and Clare Fletcher, who is a former star of this school and later of DePauw. Our team met only one defeat and succeeded in winning the Championship of Central Indiana.

—J. L. '16.

CAMARADERIE

First Row—Goodwin, Rhoadarmer, Mannon, Scott, Strong, Hilt, Weeder
Second Row—Loehr, Thomas, Hillijoss, Mannon, Thomas, Walsh, Spangler
Third Row—Yelton, Eaton

1916

ROBERT SPANGLER, '14, '15—

"Bob" was captain of the team. He says: "I am glad to have the honor of being the captain of such a successful squad." "Spang" quit quarter early in the season on account of signal hardships and played remainder of year at end.

FLOYD MANNON, '14, '15—

"Bud," our six-foot center, was always on the lookout. His control of the ball was perfect all season. "Bud" also had the honor of getting on Hez Clark's all-State eleven.

ASA GOODWIN, '14, '15—

"Asie" played only two games this year, but he was a great help to the line. He was good in any position.

DONALD HILT, '12, '14, '15—

"Hiltie" is a veteran player. He played a fast and steady game all year and made a reputation at two positions, first at half-back and then at tackle.

PAUL RHOADARMER, '14, '15—

"Rhoadie" started last season with bad luck, as he met with an accident in practice, but this year he had to make up for lost time and did so successfully at tackle.

HOWARD SCOTT, '15—

"Scottie," our little 120-pound end, was as fast as a streak. He played a fast game and was always fighting until the whistle blew.

PAUL STRONG, '15—

"Strongie" was the big man on our team this year. His drop kick won us the Sheridan game, and his punts were a feature in every game. He landed full-back position on the Northern All-State Eleven, picked by Coach Murray, of East Chicago.

WARREN MANNON, '12, '14, '15—

"Whitie" says it is much easier to talk some teams out of a game than to outplay them. He was master of the forward pass and played a good game at half all year.

JOHN LOEHR, '15—

"Tick," our little quarter, piloted the team through a successful season. He kept them hopping all the time and he gave much spirit to the eleven.

HARRY WEEDER, '15—

"Pete" was the boy who made end runs famous this year for the G. H. S. team. He says: "Discussions with the referee give a fellow time to find his breath."

AVERY THOMAS, '15—

"Chunk," the captain for the next year's team, is certainly a good fellow for the place. His tackling was a feature in every game this year. He also played on the right end. Hez Clarke selected him for left end on the All-State Team.

CLARENCE THOMAS, '15—

"Tommy" was the only "Freshie" that had nerve enough to venture out on the football field this season. We are sure that we shall hear great things of him in the next three years. Everyone on this year's team will recommend him.

CAREY YELTON, '14, '15—

Carey is one big bunch of spirit, pep and humor in a game. He always has a cheering word for everyone on the team. He says: "Don't forget, I'll make old G. H. S. famous some day." We are waiting, Carey.

JESS BRIDGES, '12, '14, '15—

"P. I." had hard luck for the past two years, but this year he attained the long-sought-for position of end, and was a success there.

HUGH WALSH, '15—

"Mickie" played fast and steady through every game. His ability to pull down the forward pass was not surpassed by anyone on the team. He was also the man who scattered the interferences.

CORYDON EATON, '12, '14, '15—

"Bottle," the walking shoestring, says: "I would like to play just one more season with the G. H. S. team." His experience at tackle for two years gave him the place this season.

EARL HILLIGOSS, '15—

"Hilly" was handicapped this year on account of getting out to practice three weeks late, but he showed up well in every game.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

October 2	Brownsburg	—	7	G. H. S.	— 15
October 9	Elwood	—	0	G. H. S.	— 19
October 16	Sheridan	—	0	G. H. S.	— 3
October 30	Noblesville	—	0	G. H. S.	— 64
November 13	East Chicago	—	20	G. H. S.	— 6

Brownsburg Game

Brownsburg was the first big game for us this year. They are our old rivals and we had never been able to defeat them. Our coaches, Fletcher and Arnold, had done their best for two weeks to put us in shape for this game on October 1st. It was a fine day, and as our team marched out on the Brownsburg field every player was in high spirits.

The game started with our team kicking to Brownsburg. It was not long, however, until we had the ball and were pushing it towards our goal, amid the cheers of the delegation from home. Just before the whistle blew for the quarter we succeeded in placing the ball over our line, but we failed to kick goal. Score 6 to 0.

The second quarter was the hardest fought of the whole game. After the ball had changed hands twice, Brownsburg succeeded in making a touchdown and kicked goal. This only made our eleven play harder. Strong kicked a drop from the thirty-yard line and placed us ahead again. After a few more plays the quarter ended. Score 9 to 7 in favor of G. H. S.

The third quarter was started with a rush. Both teams played end runs, line plunges and forward passes. The ball was first at one end and then at the other. Neither team was able to score. Score 9 to 7 in favor of G. H. S.

In the fourth quarter our team played straight football, and after a few line plunges and end runs we pushed the ball over for six more points, but we were unable to kick goal. No more scores were made and the game ended with the score 15 to 7 in favor of G. H. S.

This was something that no other G. H. S. team had ever been able to accomplish and it was a great stimulant for our players.

J. L., '16.

—o—

Elwood Game

Our first and only game played at home was with Elwood. Elwood boasted of having the strongest team in the State, so we were prepared for a hard fight. The expense of bringing this team was large, but much enthusiasm was shown by the G. H. S. pupils and enough tickets were sold to cover this expense.

The game was called at 2:30 in the afternoon and we kicked to them. It was great to see how our fellows got down upon the man. We took the ball from them in about the middle of the field, and just after Weeder's long end run Loehr received a pass by Mannon and crossed the goal for the first score of the game. The goal was kicked by the Elwood eleven. They had their fighting spirit up now and they held us the rest of the quarter. The score was 7 to 0.

In the next quarter we played straight football, while Elwood opened up and the ball was first in one team's possession and then in the other's. Conditions remained this way until the quarter was up and neither of us was able to push the ball over the goal for a score. The score remained 7 to 0.

In the third quarter we received the ball, and the old faithful "crisscross" of Greenfield's worked for sixty yards. After some successful line plunging another touchdown was made. The goal was missed, thus leaving the score 13 to 0 at the end of the third quarter.

In the fourth quarter the G. H. S. team played one of the best open-field and line-buck games of the season, and it was not long until we had pushed the ball over the goal for another touchdown. We failed to kick goal. We ended the third game of the season as victors with a score of 19 to 0, and a good start for the State championship.

——o——

Sheridan Game

Sheridan being a strong team, contended for the State championship.

We had been coached hard before this game and were in the best of condition.

We had many supporters for this game, as many of the students and Greenfield people went along with the team in machines.

The teams were pretty evenly matched as to weight, and, it seemed, in everything else. We started in to win the game, but we were not over-confident, and we knew that we would have to fight. The first quarter was played hard and fast, everyone doing his best. Neither team could possibly get a touchdown or a score of any sort, but when the quarter ended we had gained more ground than our opponents. The spirit of both sides was still high, and after some narrow escapes on both sides, the second quarter ended with a score of 0 to 0.

Our weak points were pointed out to us by our coach, Clare Fletcher, who told us to try the drop-kick the first chance we had. We received the ball on the kick, and after a series of open plays we walked right over Sheridan until we were within thirty yards of our goal, when the drop-kick was called for. Our line stood like a stone wall against the Sheridan eleven and Strong placed the kick between the posts for the winning score of the game. At the close the score was 3 to 0 in favor of G. H. S.

Everyone fought hard the last quarter, but no other score was made.

Avery Thomas and Paul Strong were the outstanding stars in this game.

Noblesville Game

This game was a complete walk-away for our G. H. S. team. We made a touchdown in five plays, and after getting the ball we continued to score until we had a score of twenty-seven points in the first quarter.

In the second quarter we tried some plays we had never used before; nevertheless, we suceeded in running up fourteen points, making the score 41 to 0.

In the third quarter we used open field play, making the score 61 to 0.

We were not very enthusiastic the last quarter and were ashamed to make any more. The game ended—G. H. S. 61, N. H. S., 0.

——o——

East Chicago Game

Saturday, November 13th, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Captain Spangler led us onto the field at East Chicago. After a short practice we sat down at the north end of the field and rested until the whistle was blown for the game to start. When we saw the East Chicago team we knew that it would be a fight to the finish.

Strong kicked off to one of the back field men, who returned the ball a short distance. The first three downs they tried to pierce our line, but were unsuccessful. Then a forward pass was made, which gained the required distance and gave them their first down, but East Chicago fumbled and we recovered the ball. On the next play "Whitie" ran around the left end sixty yards for a touchdown.

The ball was again kicked off to East Chicago, who returned it a short distance. After this, luck was with them, for they made one successful forward pass after another and our back-field men were unable to stop them.

In the last half of the game our team was greatly handicapped, as three of our players were injured; but still we fought until the whistle sounded for the close of the game. Score 20 to 6.

It was hard to walk off the field knowing that we were defeated for the first time, and in our last game of the season; but it was a good game and we did all we could to win it.

D. H., '16.

THE TEAM

There is a game we call football;
'Tis played by both the large and small.
There's "Tick," the quarter, small and fast,
And never does he come in last.

Now "Bud," the center, so they say,
Can throw the ball most any way;
And "Mickie," too, we can't leave out,
For he has caused the girls to shout.

A star we never can forget,
It's "Strongie," you can surely bet.
And Clarence, too, with golden hair,
Is a Freshman player they can not spare.
Then Scott's a player full of vim,
And you can always count on him.

Now "Rhoady," who is always there,
Can throw the farthest in the air.
And "Whitie's" bluff is all the rage—
He holds the center of the stage.

A charming boy, that we call "Eaton,"
Has never fled or yet been beaten;
And "Hilty," too, we'll surely miss
When he will leave old G. H. S.

A player who the ball can toss
Is a Sophomore boy named Hilligoss.
There's "Weeder," too, whose heart is weak,
But nevertheless he runs like a streak.

And Carey, who certainly played his part
When to East Chicago the team did depart.
There is Avery, who is rather light,
But, gracious! how that boy can fight!

There's Bridges, too, who doesn't much care
Whether he's here or whether he's there.
Although "Spangler" comes in last,
He's our captain, and oh, so fast!

Now, one and all, let's give three cheers
For 1915—the best in years.

—Vera Boyd, '19.

CAMARADERIE

Scenes of Games
Played Last Fall by The
Victorious
Greenfield Team

1916

WARREN MANNON—

"Whitie's only training for the track was his sprint past the East school building every night. He was fourth in the 100-yard dash, and came in first in the relay.

HARRY WEEDER—

"Pete" never was very enthusiastic over track although a leader in other sports. Had he worked very hard he would have developed into a star sprinter.

ROBERT MASON—

"Bob," after weeks of hard training, gave the boys a little surprise by winning the 100-yard dash and the 220-yard dash. He is built for speed and endurance, and is a star track man.

PAUL STRONG—

"Strongie" placed the shot out of the reach of the other boys and he made them stretch to beat him on the broad jump.

REX KRAMMES—

Rex is one of our long-winded Freshmen who never gets enough. He ran the half-mile and the mile, besides taking part in the high jump and broad jump. He is a consistent worker and makes the others work hard for all they get.

HAROLD COTTY—

"Cot" surprised everyone, even Eaton, the confident Junior. He vaulted nine feet and with a little more training he will be able to make ten feet.

CORYDON EATON—

"Bottle" worked hard and won second place in the pole vault. He also entered the broad jump, but he had given all his time to vaulting and was unable to carry away any honors. He says: "Just wait until next year!"

MYRON MOREHEAD—

"Mose," an unexpected man in the pole vault, walked away with third place. He is very light and has excellent form in vaulting. We will hear from him again next year.

GEORGE WALTON—

George entered too many events before the pole vault and as a result could not finish in this. His lack of training was a handicap.

JOHN OXER—

John worked early and worked late. He ran the 220, the half-mile and the low hurdles, getting one first and two thirds.

HERMAN JACKSON—

"Jack," though short in stature, ran the hurdles with great ease and form as well as speed. Herman is the boy who is always on time.

DONALD HILT—

"Hiltie" entered the 2:20, the discus throw, the broad jump, the high jump and the relay. He says: "I am sorry the meet ended as soon as it did, because I sure would have liked to enter (at least) two more events." He made more points than any other man in the meet.

DALE MORTON—

Dale, with a little more practice on the broad jump, would have taken first, but he came out a close third. His sprint in the relay won his team that event.

J. T. L., '16.

CAMARADERIE

First Row—Farrell, Glascock, Curry, Hilt, Rock *Second Row*—Cooper, Larrimore, Johnson, Service, Mason, Mullendore, Duncan
Center—Darnell
FUTURE PROSPECTS—*Freshman team.*

Track Meet

Our track meet, on March 24th, proved to be a success and there is plenty of material for the State meet. This is the first year that G. H. S. has had a track meet, but there was much interest shown in it. The Seniors and Freshmen contested against the Juniors and Sophomores. The score was 48½ points to 30 points, in favor of the Seniors and Freshmen.

J. L., '16.

——o——

May 6.—Track Meet at Greenfield with Technical High School.

May 13.—Track Meet at Greensboro, Central Indiana Athletic Association.

Baseball

At the first signs of spring a meeting of those interested in baseball was called to elect a captain and a manager for the 1916 baseball team. About twenty boys were present. Floyd Mannon was elected captain and Raymond Harold, manager. Mr. Karns was elected faculty manager by unanimous vote.

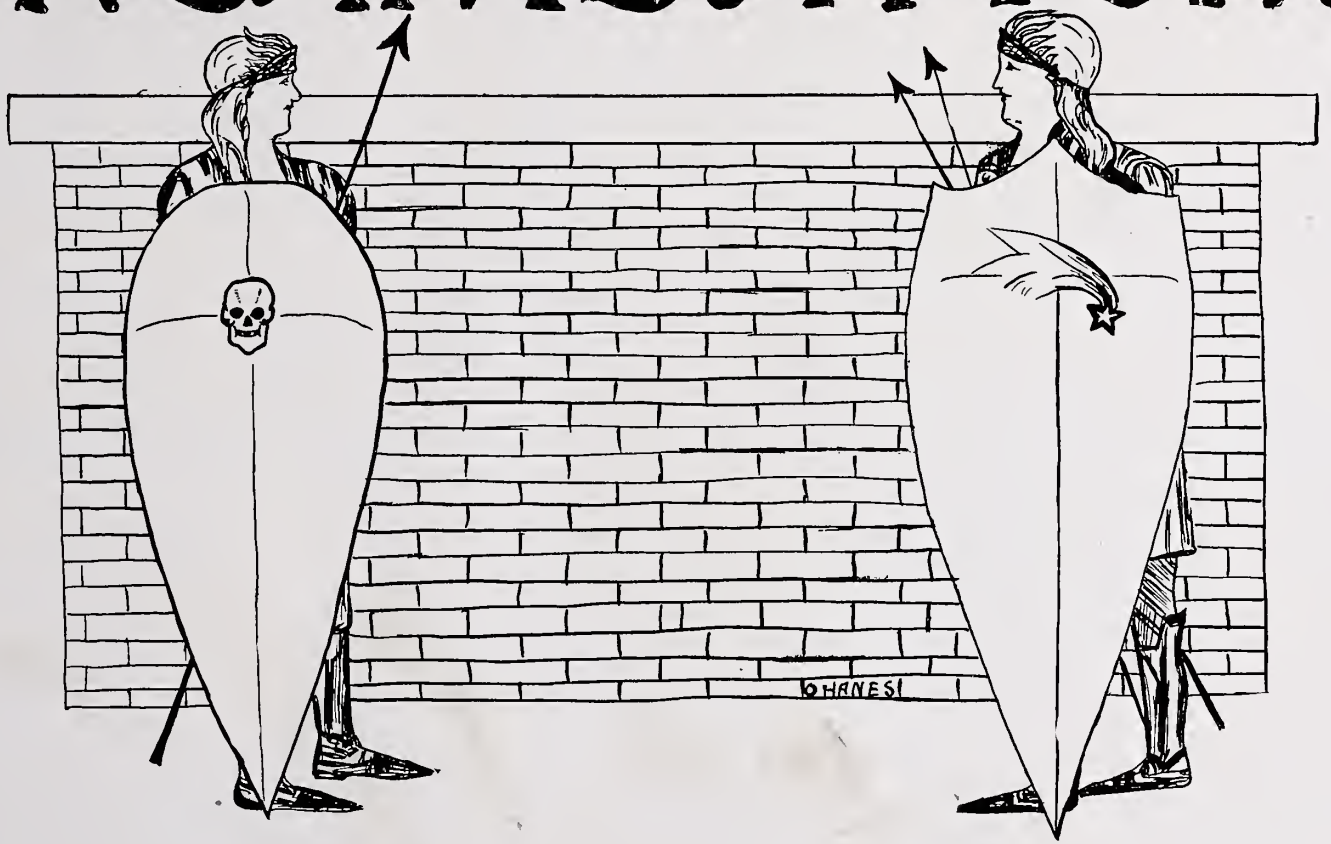
It was decided that practice would be held at the old fair grounds as soon as the weather would permit.

The manager was instructed to schedule games with any high school team in the State.

The outlook for a successful baseball season is very encouraging.

J. L., '16.

ORGANIZATIONS



GERMAN CLUB

It has been the custom in the past four years for the Sophomore and Junior German classes to organize. The organizations meet monthly in the class rooms, and programs consisting of German stories and German songs are given. The purpose of the Clubs is to give the students an opportunity to use the language.

The officers for 1915-16 were:

JUNIOR CLUB

HAROLD HUFFORD ..... *President*

CAROL HAGANS ..... *Vice-President*

MARJORIE HUGHES ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

SOPHOMORE CLUB

ROSALIE DEARDORFF ..... *President*

BESSIE KOIN ..... *Vice-President*

HELEN THOMAS ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

GERMAN CLUB

CAMARADERIE

First Row—Tuttle, Spilker, Cook, Hufford, Lowe, Hayes
Second Row—Worland, Miller, Hagans, Smart, Hughes, King, Frost, Robb

CAMARADERIE

First Row—Elsbury, Harold, Mullendore, Meek, Gratius, Spangler, Hayes
Second Row—Duncan, Thomas, Curry, Havens, Mason, Walker, Roeback, Morehead
Third Row—Davis, Martindale, Deardorff, Cox, Wilson, Rottman, Larrabee, Thomas, Bruner, Koin

SOCKS AND BUSKINS

THE SOCKS AND BUSKINS was reorganized this year with a new constitution. The club is open to all students who have a certain record of scholarship, and who can prove before qualified judges, that they have dramatic ability. It is under the control of the head of the English department.

The officers this year are:

Lucile Walton ..... *President*
Warren Mannon ..... *Vice-President*
Kathryn Curry ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

SOCKS AND BUSKINS

CAMARADERIE

First Row—Larrimore, Rhoadarmer, Hufford, Hughes, Elliott, Zike, Strong, Mason
Second Row—Lineback, Hayes, Morehead, Frost, Duncan, Thomas, Thomas, Robb, McShane
Third Row—Binford, New, Duncan, Walton, Mannon, Curry, Jackson, Walker, Hough

AH FRIENDS! WE WILL SOON BE ELIGIBLE TO ENTER THE PUBLIC SPEAKING CLASS, WHICH IS OUR GREATEST AMBITION
FORUM

FORUM

DEBATING was taken up in the third year English classes during the first semester. There was a great deal of interest in it, so the Juniors decided to form a debating club. For that purpose, some of the students and teachers met at the home of Gladys Robb on the evening of November 22, 1915, and formed an organization. The purpose of the club is to create an interest in debating and public speaking. The club is called the *"Forum"* and is open to students of Junior standing, but the number limit is twenty-four.

The officers are:

Avery Thomas	*President*
Dale Morton	*Vice President*
Rosalie Deardorff	*Secretary*
Elizabeth Frost	*Treasurer*

CAMARADERIE

First Row—Elsbury, Trees, Cook, Spilker, Robb, McShane
Second Row—Strickland, Oldham, Garrison, Griffith, Mullendore, Maple, Tuttle, Walker, King
Third Row—Larrabee, Bottsford, Thomas, Frost, Morton, Deardorff, Orr, Bruner

SENIOR CLASS

JUNIOR ORGANIZATION

HAROLD HUFFORD ..... *President*

CAROL HAGANS ..... *Vice-President*

MARJORIE HUGHES ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

COLORS—*Black and White*

FLOWER—*Bridal Wreath*

SENIOR ORGANIZATION

PAUL RHOADARMER ..... *President*

FLOYD MANNON ..... *Vice-President*

CAROL HAGANS ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

COLORS—*Green and Gold*

FLOWER—*Sweet-pea.*

SENIOR DEPARTMENT

History ..... Matilda Hafner, Donald Hilt

Will ..... Dale Spencer, Lois Abbott

Prophecy ..... Irene Lowe, Lucile Walton

Those Silly, Sinful, Simple Seniors

A Thrilling Movie of the Trials of the Class of 1916.

—

THE CAST:

REEL 1

Mr. Kendall	History	Miss Corcoran	Latin
Mr. Moore	Science	Miss Hayes	German
Mr. Todd	Math.	Miss Williams	Music
Miss Sample	English	Miss Engibous	Art

Members of Freshman Class, Johnnie, Mr. Larrabee.

REEL 2

Mr. Ellis	Math.	Mr. Andrews	Botany
Mr. Warrum	Science	Miss McCloud	English

Members of Sophomore Class.

REEL 3

Mr. Wilder	Math.	Miss Brandenburg	Art
Miss Dillon	Cooking	Miss Stephens	Sewing

Members of Junior Class—Harold Hufford, Pres., Carol Hagans, Vice-Pres., Marjorie Hughes, Sec-Treas.

REEL 4

Mr. Garrison	Math.	Miss Harlan	Latin
Mr. Harney	Science	Miss McShane	English
Miss Bowser	Chemistry	Miss Trees	Music
Mr. Karns	Physics	Miss Nelson	Algebra
Mr. Boone	Manual Tr.	Miss Henley	Botany

Members of the Senior Class—Paul Rhoadarmer, Pres., Floyd Mannon, Vice-Pres., Carol Hagans, Sec-Treas.

Passed by the National Board of Censorship.

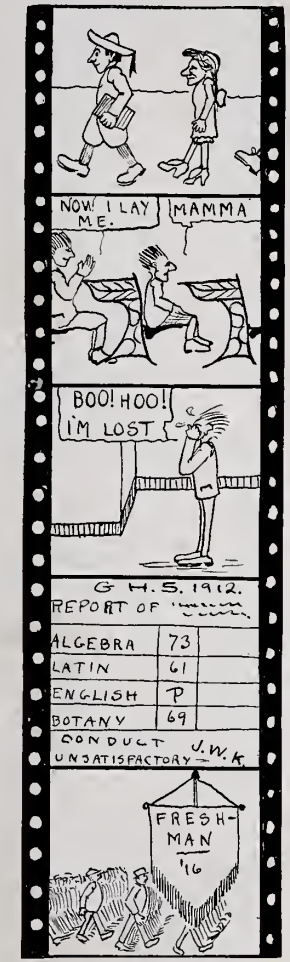
Scenario by Mathilda Hafner.

Directed by Donald Hilt.

Pictures taken by Herman Jackson.

CAMARADERIE

REEL I.



1. We come to school all merry and gay,
   Which marks an epoch in life's pathway.

2. With horrible agony and untold fears
   We bravely withstand the Sophomores' jeers.

3. With frightened looks and hair on end
   We search the hall to find a friend.

4. Report cards come but once a term,
   Which carry with them the flunking germ.

5. See the little Freshmen all in a row,
   Celebrating Riley Day, don't you know.

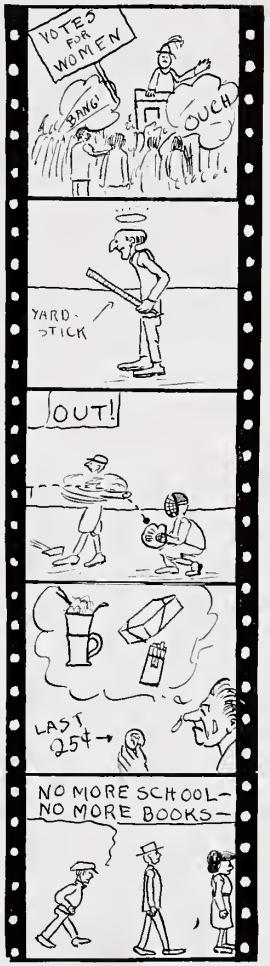
6. Democrats, Republicans and Socialists,
   Prohis, Progressives and Suffragists.

7. Dear Mr. Todd, so long and slim,
   With wavy hair and pointed chin.

8. Morristown was our Waterloo,
   Don Hilt, captain—score fourteen to two.

9. Twenty-five cents of our scanty hoard
   We had to pay to the Athletic Board.

10. No more school and no more books,
    Where's those fishin' lines and hooks?



CAMARADERIE

REEL II.

11. As Sophomores we feel grand and proud,
For we are above that Freshman crowd.

12. Some football team! Did you ever hear
Of the team that beat Brownsburg, or pretty near?

13. "Rhoady," "Moffit," "Newt" and Clawson,
They did the singin' and Lizzie the bossin'.

14. Mr. Ellis so tall, and Lizzie so prim,
Sang a love duet with a great deal of vim.

15. Those credit slips the teachers sign
Make hair grow gray before its time.

16. Tom, Mary and John come to school, you see,
They made the pupils laugh with glee.

17. With manners graceful and voice so loud,
"Moffit" enchanted the entire crowd.

18. Down the track, with hurried pace,
We pass the rest and win the race.

19. All the girls who could possibly sing
Joined the choir of cherubims.

20. We sat so still and all we heard
Was "Just a moment," or "Watch the bird."

CAMARADERIE

REEL III.

21. A Junior class meeting—oh, what joy!
A room full of girls and only one boy.

22. We made the dough and we made the cake;
We learned to boil, fry and bake.

23. This is a picture of our old "gym."
Where we developed our muscle and vim.

24. This young man we called Clem;
For exercise he ran to Gem.

25. The girls gave the markets for our class,
While the boys went out and fished for bass.

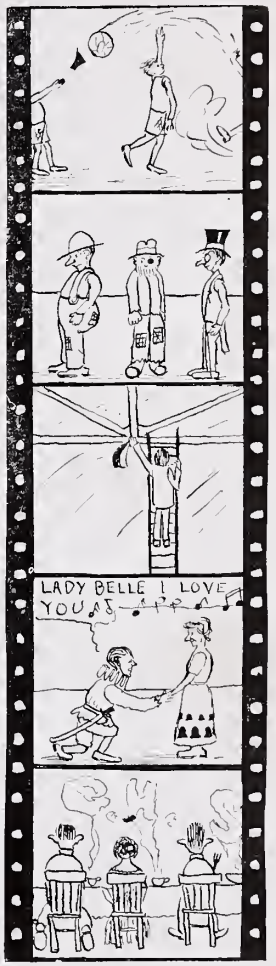
26. Our brave little five—they sure played ball;
They came home with bruises from many a fall.

27. Farmers, hoboes, dudes and twins,
Chinese, Russians, Dutch and Finns.

28. High upon the beams their colors rested,
But we took 'em down while the Seniors protested.

29. Down on his knees the youth made love
To the belle who giggled and looked above.

30. The banquet we gave was surely grand,
The best to be had in all the land.



CAMARADERIE

REEL IV.

31. The purpose of the meeting is stated by Paul,
A motion is made and we adjourn to the hall.

32. Those who have no classes may go,
But be quiet, the others are studying, you know!

33. The Staff did shirk for full eight months,
And then did all their work at once.

34. In all debates we sure showed vim,
With Newt's persimmon pucker and Rhoady's allegator grin.

35. Seventy dollars and seven shows,
"The Corner Drugstore" comes and goes.

36. The west school program was quite complete,
The orators, debate and music sweet.

37. In pole vaults and jumps the Seniors compete;
They won the meet, for they couldn't be beat.

38. With click of typewriter and scratch of quill
We work on THE ANNUAL with rigl.t good will.

39. What is that uproar, noise and crowd?
The sale of this ANNUAL of which we're so proud.

40. On the stage, in our Sunday best,
We get our sheepskins like all the rest.

CLASS WILL

We, the members of the Senior Class of the Greenfield High School, Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen, A. D., being of sound and disposing mind and memory toward those who follow us upon the straight and narrow path in search of knowledge, do make, publish and declare this manuscript to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making null and void all other documents of like portend, created by us heretofore:

Item 1. I, Lois Abbott, do will and bequeath to Agnes Elliott my record as a heart-breaker and the daily correspondence with Gary and Morristown.

Item 2. I, Vola Burkhart,
Do will to Charles my right to smile
To his own Bertha dear,
And when he looks across the aisle
He need not have a fear.

Item 3. I, Vera Burton, do will and freely bequeath to anyone my enjoyable 7 o'clock drive to school every morning.

Item 4. I, Edith Duncan, do will and freely bequeath to Gladys Robb my pronunciation of "colonel" and my general ability to run things at all times.

Item 5. I, Anna Forest, do will and bequeath to one Helena Davis my natural blushes and the latest fads in hair dressing and jewelry.

Item 6. I, Agnes Gates, do will and freely bequeath to Helen Reed my beautiful curls; to Josephine Glascock, my interest in a certain country school teacher.

Item 7. I, Iva Giles, do will and bequeath to Ruth Worland my course on "How To Get a Diamond Ring."

Item 8. I, Asa Goodwin, do will and freely bequeath to Russell Mullendore my bashfulness and my ability to blush when called upon.

Item 9. I, Matilda Hafner, do will and bequeath to Corydon Eaton my two superfluous German credits, hoping with these that he may be able to finish German in 1920.

Item 10. I, Carol Hagans, do will and bequeath to Marian Dorr my heavy "stand-in" with the teachers and a certain Senior boy.

Item 11. I, Donald Hilt, do will and freely bequeath to Walter Spilker the sole right to wear soft collars when I have a date (provided Walter has one).

Item 12. I, Esther Hubig, do will and bequeath to Elizabeth Larrabee my capacity for domestic science.

Item 13. I, Harold Hufford, do will and freely bequeath to Oaks Lineback my oratorical ability; also my power to be the fastest reader in school.

Item 14. I, Marjorie Hughes, do will and freely bequeath

to Mildred Duncan all my rights to dates four nights a week after September 1, 1916; also to any Junior girl, who thinks she is equal to a round of prize fights every staff meeting, my power to keep everyone so quiet (?) and orderly (?) at staff meetings.

Item 15. I, Cora Jackson, do will and freely bequeath to Edith Duncan my place on the music committee, so that Edith can show her heretofore unappreciated talents.

Item 16. I, Elizabeth Jackson, do will and bequeath to Lavonne Hamilton the sole right to have the most lasting case in G. H. S.; also a little book on "How To Keep Two Fellows Sweet at One Time" (in case she would ever need it).

Item 17. I, Herman Jackson, do will and freely bequeath to Corydon Eaton my ability to make a speech before the assembly.

Item 18. I, Wynema Kight, do will and bequeath to Alma Fort my sweet and winsome glances and my ability to flirt.

Item 19. I, Eva Knight, do will and freely bequeath to Elizabeth Frost my popularity with all the boys.

Item 20. I, Roland Lewis, do will and freely bequeath to G. H. S. the most lasting "seven nights a week" case ever known.

Item 21. I, John Lochr, do will and freely bequeath to Corydon Eaton my ready (?) smile and my optomistic (?) disposition.

Item 22. I, Irene Lowe, do will and freely bequeath to Harriet Strickland my "Lucky Charm."

Item 23. I, Robert Mason, do will and freely bequeath to George Curry the right to protect Marjorie Binford during my absence, after September 1, 1916.

Item 24. I, Floyd Mannon, do will and bequeath to Paul Hanes my right to "crack wise" in physics class.

Item 25. I, Audrey Miller, do will and bequeath to Rosalie Deardorff my quiet disposition and my short school-dresses (hoping that they will fit).

Item 26. I, Helen Morgan, do will and bequeath to Gladys Robb my ability to manage everything and to win the admiration of a certain Senior boy.

Item 27. I, John Oxer, do will and bequeath to Chester Harper my ability to "fuss" with my "lady friends."

Item 28. I, Paul Rhoadarmer, do will and freely bequeath to the Senior class president '17 my ability to whip anyone in the class.

Item 29. I, Donald Shumway, do will and bequeath to Hoyt Lowe my book, "Wild Bill of the Plains."

Item 30. I, Dale Spencer, do will and bequeath to Clancy Trees my popularity with the G. H. S. girls and my graceful position when I get up to recite.

Item 31. I, Joseph Walker, do will and freely bequeath to my friends in the lower classes my love for Latin and my faithful aids in "getting by."

Item 32. I, Lucile Walton, do will and freely bequeath to Vera Boyd my heavy "stand-in" with the boys, hoping that this will not add to her weight.

Item 33. I, Harry Weeder, do will and bequeath to Paul Rhoadarmer an Overland.

Item 34. I, Josephine Wilson, do will and freely bequeath to Clyde Julian my extreme hotheadedness.

Item 35. I, Gerald Zike, do will and bequeath to Bob Spangler my ability as a promoter and also my ability to make flowery speeches in Senior class meetings.

Item 36. We, the Seniors, do will and freely bequeath to the Departmentals "The Merry Heart," to be used instead of "La, La, Lala."

Item 37. We, the Seniors, do will and freely bequeath to one Herman Cook the use of the glass in the office before which our beloved president is prone to primp, to be used by the aforesaid party in efforts to conquer his unruly locks.

Item 38. We, the Seniors, do will and bequeath to one Avery Thomas the sole and unalienable right to be the heart-breaker for the year '16-'17. This will continue to be his undisputed property until he reaches the age of twenty-one years, unless married before that time. In such case it will be immediately transferred to one "Cara" Yelton, Annapolis.

Item 39. We, the Seniors, do will and bequeath to one Robert Spangler a round-trip ticket to Indiana Harbor; also a pair of No. 10 tan shoes, trained to return home if lost.

Item 40. Last of all, we, the Seniors, do hereby will and freely bequeath to all posterity our teachers, friends and comrades of the G. H. S., and may they enjoy them to the fullest extent, as we have done, and upon their leaving, as we are doing now, may their farewell be sad and their recollection sweet toward G. H. S.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this seventh day of April, 1916.

SENIOR CLASS '16.

Signed, published and declared by the above named Senior Class of G. H. S., 1916, as and for their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, and at the request of the Senior Class, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

MISS L. MCSHANE.
MR. ELMER ANDREWS.

Written by Dale Spencer and Lois Abbott.

——o——

Opal Wright is taking domestic science this year. I wonder if she will soon be a Cook?

Now exams are over
Vacation is drawing nigh;
Shadows of a failure
Darken up the sky.

Mr. Andrews (after making a speech in history): Now I won't charge anything for that. All free for nothing.

Irene Lowe: What's a thumb tack, something like a fingernail?

CAMARADERIE
THE OUTLOOK

VOL. 10 GREENFIELD, IND., MAY 23, 1926 No. 5

SOCIETY.

Ambassador Zike Entertained at Foreign Court.

Mr. Gerald Zike, the American ambassador to Germany, was very gorgeously entertained at a reception given by the rulers of the warring nations at the Royal Palace at Berlin.

At the close of the reception there was a banquet at which Prince Victor Emmanuel VII was toast-master.

Mr. Zike's strenuous efforts to avert war and establish peace were highly appreciated by the rulers of the heart-sore nations of Europe, that have been so terribly oppressed by the war for the past thirteen years.

Ambassador and Mrs. Zike (who was formerly Miss Gertrude Vaughn) will sail for America in the near future.

One of our most prosperous farmers, Mr. T. Landon New, was in Greenfield today. After his marriage to Miss Helen Morgan they moved to Indianapolis, but Mr. New retained his large farms, north of this city. He reports a very good year for corn and wheat and is contemplating the addition of more land to his largest farm.

Serious Accident

Miss Vola Burkhart, one of our most respected and austere maiden ladies, was seriously hurt this morning. She was struck by a car of popular make, driven by the speed demon, Herman Cook. She has our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

BOOST HOME TRADE.

Donald Shumway, the old Hoosier twirler, is through with the game. He has bought the Early Drug Store and is kept so busy ringing the cash register that any more strenuous labor no longer appeals.

Chester Harper, while taking in a magic lantern show at Cleveland on Saturday night, was robbed of sixty cents in change. The robbers must have somehow overlooked a dollar bill he had in the bottom of his shoe.

"Rolly" Lewis' Special.

15c Admission.

I have great pleasure in announcing that there will soon come to my theater, the world famous magician, Herman Jackson. He is the only one of his kind, and no one should miss the opportunity of seeing him.

WOMAN'S SECTION.

Former Greenfield Woman Appointed President of Franchise League.

Much interest was aroused at the convention of the Woman's Franchise League of Indiana, which was held at the Claypool Hotel yesterday. Miss Matilda Hafner was elected president by the supporters of the Independent ticket. She is also popular with the people in favor of the present administration. Miss Hafner is to be one of the many speakers at the suffrage dinner, which will be held at the Severin Hotel, Thursday evening. The Indianapolis branch of the League has charge of the banquet.

Styles More Exaggerated Every Year

by

(Josephine Wilson)

She says that the pursuit of dress is a passionate pastime. She, with many others, ridicules the efforts of the reformers to put women into sober uniforms.

Now it seems that the striped materials are in favor again, even stronger than they were several years ago. With each new appearance of them they seem brighter and gaudier than ever before.

All amateur dressmakers dread to see stripes coming into style again, but then nothing in life is really very disappointing if we are fully aware of its disadvantages before accepting it. It is only when illusions are shattered that one feels an over-powering sense of defeat.

So, if you gamble with the striped and the checker board materials, do so in the sportsmanlike spirit of a gambler—ready to lose as well as win with a good will.

Greenfield High School Is to Have Gymnasium

The Cooper Stone Construction Company has signed a contract for the building of a gymnasium for the high school pupils. There has been quite a delay in obtaining this building, but at last Greenfield is to have a "gym."

It will be built on the lot at the corner of East and North streets. The president of the construction company is Jerome Black Cooper.

Pony Rigs.

For fourteen years I have used no other goods than a high grade pony and small horse vehicle. I will gladly send you my catalogue.

The Seizer Pony Co.
Agent, *Harry Elliott.*

GREAT TRIP

Donald Hilt Tells of Hunting Trip in Africa

Mr. Donald Hilt, former prominent citizen of Greenfield, has favored us with a letter describing his prolonged trip through the jungles. He seems to be having the time of his life and says it sure is great sport. He is sending some of the skins of different animals to his fiancee, Miss Margaret Moorehead. He is expecting to return home in about three weeks.

Governor's Proclamation Arouses Nation-Wide Interest

Much interest was excited in political circles when the papers made public the Governor's proclamation. Governor Hufford, whose integrity and excitement ability have brought about radical reforms in the State, has superceded all previous efforts to bring about the great change which he proposed in his platform.

The great movement excited by his fiery orations previous to his election, was brought to a climax yesterday when he issued a proclamation which will, no doubt, go down in history as the best and greatest work ever done by any governor. An extract from the proclamation is as follows:

"It is my firm belief that all dogs should be photographed for future reference, and I do hereby proclaim this day, May 22, 1926 A. D., to be set apart for the purpose of photographing all living dogs that exist within the boundaries of the State of Indiana."

Although the proclamation was two-fold in its purpose, the foregoing extract is by far the most important. Some of our greatest statesmen say that it ranks with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and, no doubt, our Governor will, in the future, stand out prominently as one of the greatest statesmen of our history.

Governor Hufford, whose term is almost expired, is preparing to make the race for Senator against the noted statesman, the Honorable Mr. Spencer. Governor Hufford's nomination is assured and he has the best wishes of the citizens, both young and old, throughout the State.

Dr. Asa Goodwin, a prominent physician of this city, has just returned from a year's study in Germany. Dr. Goodwin is reported to be engaged to Miss Anna Forest.

Paul Strong is home visiting his mother, Mrs. Watson, who lives on South street. "Strongie" has been the foot ball coach at Indiana for the past three years.

Mrs. Lois Abbott Southerland, of Morristown, is visiting at the home of her parents, on West Main street. Mrs. Southerland is accompanied by John and Mary Louise.

John Loehr, of Richmond, is home for a few days' vacation. Mr. Loehr is proprietor of the Wescott Hotel, and a successful man at all games.

FACULTY ENTERTAINED

At a Dinner Given at the High School Building.

The Greenfield High School faculty was entertained at a dinner given at the high school building. The whole affair was planned by the Domestic Science class, Miss Vera Burton being the teacher.

Mrs. Frank Rhodarmer received a letter from her son, Paul, who is now in grand opera in the Metropolitan Opera Company. In the letter he tells her he has just signed a contract to make a tour of the Middle West in the new opera "Madame Mildred." Mr. Rhodarmer has been very successful.

The most interesting part of his letter was the account of his marriage to Miss Mary Kendall. He had known her as a little girl of five years, when her father, Mr. J. W. Kendall, was one of Mr. Rhodarmer's teachers in the Greenfield High School. Several months ago he met a Miss Kendall, who was there in New York trying out for a place in the new opera.

After comparing a few remembrances he discovered that Miss Kendall was "little Mary Kendall," he had known years ago. He was very much infatuated and they were married last Tuesday.

He also writes his mother that he will bring his wife with him on his tour through the Middle West, and they will stop off at Greenfield and make a visit with his parents.

Noted Statesman Attacks Governor's Latest Issue.

Hon. Mr. Spencer can see no good in the proclamation, declaring that it is the greatest folly the Governor has yet committed.

Hon. Dale Spencer, eminent newspaper man and statesman, in an editorial in his influential paper, has resented the latest action of the Governor. Mr. Spencer, who has been several years a student in governmental affairs, can not conceive the slightest need for the Governor's action. He said at a banquet in honor of his nomination for Senator, that the Governor had pulled the wool over the eyes of the people until they thought he was a saint and believed in everything that the Governor said, and that the Governor, after gaining the confidence of the people, did what he pleased, and the things that were for his own personal welfare.

Mrs. Lucille Walton Amick is preparing to have a house party at her home, on North State street, in honor of the home-coming of Mrs. Gertrude Vaughn Zike, who has been abroad with her husband, the Ambassador.

The Chicago Herald says: Mrs. Oxer, of 2369 North Belmont Ave., has been called to the home of her mother in Greenfield, Indiana, on account of the illness of her little dog, Bob. Mrs. Oxer is the wife of John G. Oxer, the electrical engineer, employed by the Western Electrical Company.

NOISELESS SPOON FOR SOUP IS INVENTED—SIMPLE DEVICE WILL PREVENT WHISTLING NOISE.

The noiseless soup spoon is here. The inventor's name is Floyd Manron. His spoon is made somewhat like those drinking cups for men with tronblesome mustaches. One of its advantages, in Mannon's estimation, is, that with it the diner must dip his spoon from him and not toward him, conforming, of necessity, to the accepted canons of soup eating.

JOE WALKER.

At the time of going to press we heard a faint rumor of quite a sad affair of one of our former schoolmates, Joseph Walker. It seems Joe married a young Knightstown lady, by the name of Hazel, on a bet.

While still a Senior one of Joe's young friends bet him he would be married by the next summer. Knowing Joe's fondness for "collateral," we aren't a bit surprised to hear he accepted the wager. After living with the young lady six months, during which time he spent all the money won by the bet enjoying himself at French Lick, we hear now that his wife has sued for a divorce on the grounds of non-support. It grieves us very much to know one of our class mates did not respect the good teaching and advice given to us during our high school career. We only hope Joe will profit by this and later develop into a good domestic man.

Greenfield was very much startled by the appearance of a suffragette parade yesterday. The parade went up and down Main street and attracted the attention of every one. All of the prominent women of the city were in it and were attired in very masculine clothes. At the head of the parade was Miss Carol Hagans, a very enthusiastic worker for reforms in the government of our city, and especially interested in woman suffrage. After a large crowd had collected Miss Hagans delivered a speech which touched the minds and hearts of all her listeners.

It is very evident if we have such spirited workers as she the women certainly will secure the rights of suffrage.

Mrs. Iva Giles Hall and Miss Agnes Gates received a box of fruit from their former school mates, who are on a ranch sixteen miles from Reno. The girls are Misses Wynema Kight, Esther Hubig and Kathryn Curry. They have 5,000 acres of land which they cultivate themselves. They also have 1,000 head of cattle and 150 broncos.

The great evangelist, Rev. Robert Mason, announced at the services at the Methodist church, where he is holding a revival meeting, that he was going to India as a missionary. The singer, Miss Cora Jackson, who has accompanied Rev. Mason in all his work, is going on this trip also. They will leave next Tuesday.

THE THEATRES.

One of the offerings of the Grand Theatre this week at Indianapolis is a musical and dancing act featuring Miss Edith Duncan, formerly of this city.

Miss Duncan is now staying at the Severin Hotel, and when our reporter went to her for an interview she told him something of her past experiences.

She said her first appearance on the stage was at Greenfield in a play given by the Seniors of the High School. She was the leader of the choruses and her songs and dancing made a great "hit." On account of her success she was encouraged to take up the study of dancing and singing and after her graduation sl e went to a dramatic school in New York. She soon was on the stage and Indianapolis feels honored to have a chance to see a coming star.

She is very charming, having beautiful auburn hair, for which she is noted. She has a deep and full contralto voice, which everyone admires.

For "the best that is going," go to Miller's Restaurant. Prop. Audrey Miller (successor to Johnnie Bohm).

Mrs. T. Landon New, formerly Miss Helen Morgan, of this city, was a charming hostess at a reception given at her home at 6071 North Meridian street, Indianapolis, in honor of her sister-in-law, Miss Margret New, a lovely young debutante. The New home was artistically decorated in greenery and throughout the lights were softened by a deep shade of rose. In the reception hall a harp was played during the afternoon. The dining room was one mass of ferns and Killarney roses. Refreshments of ices, cakes and dainty candies were served by very attentive servants.

The hostess wore a rose and green dress, while Miss New wore a simple gown of ivory white.

Among the guests were all of Miss New's friends and the friends of Mrs. New. The out-of-town guests were many friends and relatives from Greenfield.

Jessie Brooks: After this time the Roman people shaved and cut their hair, especially the men.

Mr. Garrison: The next problem was for the girls, wasn't it? All right, Harold, did you get it?

Miss Harlan: Hugh, what does the word "Sugar" mean in this line?

Hugh Walsh: Woman, I suppose.

Miss McShane: Who is the author of "The Mill on the Floss?"

Lois Abbott: Agnes Elliott.

If Missouri wore Minnesota's New Jersey what would Delaware?

If Georgia can see clear to California how far can Tennessee?

Does Virginia live in a Maryland?

If Kansas cultivated the beans in Miss Columbia's garden what would Idaho?

CAMARADERIE

"COOKS"

"JIB" AND "WHITIE"

LOOKING FOR A VACATION

"STRICK" AND PAUL

"ON TO EARLYS"

A CASE BY FORCE

"JOHNNY"

JOE AND "RENE"

POST GRADUATES

"AS WE WERE"

EVERLASTING

A DESPERATE CASE

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

"DON" AND "JESS"

"LEE" AND NILE

1916

THE CORNER DRUG STORE

Given at the Why Not Theatre, January 25th, 26th and 27th.

CHARACTERS

Michael Buttonbenders, the new proprietor.....Gerald Zike

Hamilton Doolittle, the old proprietor.....Dale Spencer

Kutan Foxy, out for the money.....Joe Walker

Doc Pettengil, a "patient" man.....Robert Mason

Lem Pillsbury, a chronic invalid.....Floyd Mannon

Muggs Murphy, not afraid to go hime in the dark .....Herman Jackson

Peg Wallop, the police force.....Donald Hilt

Peter Pumpennickle, a German professor.....Paul Strong

Scriggins Plantem, the undertaker.....Paul Rhoadarmer

Tessie Trundlecart, the cashier.....Mildred Duncan

Mrs. Whiten-Black, a merry widow.....Marjorie Hughes

Bessie Buttercup, a sweet sweetheart.....Vera Burton

Miss Arabella Sunset, of the Beta Gamma Pi School .....Elizabeth Jackson

Cora Apple, one of the twins.....Marcia Hough

Seeda Apple, the other twin.....Mildred Martindale

College Boys and Girls.

Scene—A drug store.

Time—A summer afternoon.

Place—A small town.

CAMARADERIE

First Row—Abbot, Eaton, Larrimore, Mannon, Hilt, Zike, Strong, Jackson, Mason
Second Row—Duncan, Rhoadarmer, Bateman, Spencer, Duncan, Hughes, Walker, Burton, Morgan
Third Row—Martindale, Jackson, Hough

On The Campus---In Which The Names Of Some G. H. S. Students Are Used

Down by the Brooks, shaded by Maple trees, a beautiful young lady was sitting in a swing reading Thomas's Debates. She looked very Meek. A Kight was flying overhead. Soon there came down the path a Strong looking man, who seemed to be traveling to the Fort. He was accompanied by a Furry dog, which answered to the name of Bowser. The man said he was very hungry and that he had hunted the Holbrook, but could find nothing. She offered him a Koin for some food, which she thought would be Wright, but he refused and she called for her Cook. She said it was dangerous for him to ride unarmed, so she persuaded him to go to the Garrison to get a gun.

A few minutes later the captain came riding in a Davis car, followed by his servants riding in a Huf-ford. He was Captain New going to do his lady a kind Service. He did not stop, but he gave her a Leamon and an apple before he left.

Soon a Mason came down the path. He tipped his hat Andrew his breath, for he saw the sign which said "Be-Ware."

As he turned to go away he saw that the girl had died because she had eaten the Mealy apple. Hurrying down the path he met a man who had lost his Hart over this mysterious lady. For fear he would Parish he took the Shum-way home. He quickly made his way to the Gates. Here he saw some Frost on the Bridges. At the Castle Hall he knocked on the Mullendore. But as the Knight was coming the Abbott said the blessing and the campus was darkened by the shadows of the Maples and Oaks.

Ada Mae Maple, '17.

MUSIC

Senior Class Song

Tune: "They Didn't Believe Me."

Now when we tell you
How wonderful we are
We know it will grieve you,
But we can't deceive you—
Our boys so brave, our girls so fair
Are in a class beyond compare.
We're the classiest class that has been, seen.
So when the Principal tells you,
And he's surely going to tell you,
That we're the best class that he has yet seen,
You'll have to believe him,
Because he has seen them.
So here's a cheer for the old Nineteen Sixteen.

CAMARADERIE

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

First Row—Trees, Frost, Abbott, Hughes, Morgan, Hagans, Duncan, Jackson
Second Row—Glascock, Jackson, Duncan, Kight, Bateman, Richman, Duncan

ART

Miss Brandenburg has shown herself very capable in the handling of the Art Department this year. During the first semester the class took up mechanical drawing. This course included exercises for the use of instruments, orthographic projection, isometric drawing, lettering and working drawings. In the free-hand course taken up in the second semester, work was done in pastel crayon, water color, and in charcoal, including object drawing, design, composition and poster work. The course was made as practical as possible, and besides the regular class work, most of the art work in the "Camaraderie" and the decorations for commencement were taken up in the class.

CAMARADERIE

1916

Manual Training

The manual training work was in charge of Mr. Charles Boone the first semester and of Mr. Louis K. Karns the second.

The first semester was devoted entirely to woodworking, which consisted of the fundamental exercises in woodworking as applied to elementary cabinetmaking. The greater part of this semester was used to complete a selected set of exercises and models.

The woodwork was continued the second semester and larger and more complicated pieces of work was done.

The department will be enlarged and greatly improved before next year.

——o——

Cooking

This branch of domestic science was introduced into the Greenfield High School in September, 1914.

The study of cooking is taken up from the chemical as well as the practical view point, with many interesting experiments to illustrate the structure and composition of different food stuffs.

"Fanny Meritt Farmers' Boston Cooking School Cook Book" and "Foods and Household Management" are the textbooks used and each girl is required to keep a notebook of experiments.

The practical housekeeping is intrusted to four girls, each sharing the responsibility.

Due to Miss Dillon's efforts we have reason to feel that our domestic science department is a complete success.

——o——

Sewing

Sewing in High School is to enable the student to cut and make garments, applying the different seams, gussets and plackets, using patterns made in class, also the commercial patterns; economy in cutting garments, general points in fitting and machine sewing are taught. Crochet, tatting and some fancy work were taken up, also.

The four important textiles are studied as to their history, growth and production. From the study of early customs and inventions, the progress of man was developed step by step.

Reference books in Library: "Textiles," Woolman and McGowan; "Shelter and Clothing," Kinneand; "Household Textiles," Gibbs.

Sewing was taught by Miss Selma Stephens this year.

CAMARADERIE

Manual Training

Sewing Class

Cooking Class

Drawing Class

Public Speaking

Public Speaking Course is a new one in the high school, having been introduced this year for the first time. The range of this course is not confined to one particular phase of platform work as it includes reading, oration, story telling, debate and extemporaneous speaking. It has not been the plan of Miss McShane, the supervisor, to develop the pupils in any particular part of public speaking at the expense of another; but rather to make the student to feel at home in public and to enable him to think quickly and well, upon vital topics of the day, and to express his views in a concise and logical manner. The public speaking class has participated in a number of public entertainments in the way of debates, oratorical contests and story telling.

CAMARADERIE

PUBLIC SPEAKING CLASS

First Row—Weeder, Hufford, Mannon, Strong, Rhoadarmer

Second Row—Hilt, Zike, Mason, Loehr, Jackson, Oxer, Spencer, Mannon

Third Row—Morehead, Jackson, Lewis, Haines, Duncan, McShane, Walker, Hagans, Burkhardt

CAMARADERIE

DEPARTMENTAL SCHOOL--HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

FACULTY

Lawrence Bridges, *Principal.*
Helena Amick
Edith Shelby
Eva Nelson
Floyd Garrison
Merle Brandenberg, *Art*
Hazel Dillon, *Domestic Science*
Selma Stephens, *Sewing*
Fern Trees, *Music*
Louis K. Karns, *Manual Training*

On "THE ROAD TO HIGH SCHOOL" 1916

Laura Abbott
Loren Abbott
Jassamyn Abbott
Leona Apple
George Bridges
Mary Ruth Bridges
Wallace Carlisle
Winfield Clark
Edwin Cooney
Claude Cox
Mary Falcone
Roy Frost
Josephine Gephart
Martha Gettle
Genevieve Harrison
Florence Havens
Mary Hayes
Donald Heck
Ruth Henby
Lucile Hudson
Harry Jackson
Lester Julian
Mary Kirkpatrick
Nathan Koin
Blanche Lacy
Bessie Lindsay
Isadore Lipkin
Jacob Lipkin
Rhoda Loehr
Selma Lowe
Isabelle Mack
Clarence Maine
Russell Martin
Mary McKibing
Marion McIntire
Harold McPherson
Edith Meek
Anna Moore
Mary Moore
Kathleen Ogg
Anna Quigley
Lois Robinson
Nellie Scott
Norman Shumway
Marjorie Sparks
Eric Stanley
Wilhelmn Stadelman
Edward Strahl
Marie Swain
Jeanette Walton
William Walton
Russell Ware
Mary Weber
Charles Whitesell
Charles Wirick
Gerald Woods

Honorary Students of Perfect Attendance in Department

Leona Apple
Mary Deane Boyd
Paul Charles
Raymond Chittenden
Hilton Currens
Mary Elizabeth Fort
Beatrice Gant
Florence Havens
Gladys Kassen
Elizabeth Koehler
Glen Lewis
Selma Lowe
Clarence Maine
Marion McIntire
Mary Moore
Elizabeth Morris
Gilbert Richman
Elizabeth Rhodarmer
Helen Schneider
Eric Stanley
Richard Strickland
Edward Strahl
Donovan Turk
Russell Ware
Charles Whitesell

During the school year of 1915-1916 the Departmental School had an enrollment of 136 students. Of this number, seventy were girls and sixty-six were boys.

The seventh year work consists of this course: Reading, Arithmetic, Spelling, History, Grammar, Geography, Art, Sewing, Domestic Science, Agriculture, Music and Manual Training.

The eighth year work follows this course: Literature, Arithmetic, Spelling, History, Physiology, Grammar, Art, Sewing, Domestic Science, Agriculture, Music and Manual Training.

CAMARADERIE

EIGHT GRADE —— MISS SHELBY

MISS NELSON MR. BRIDGES
MISS SHELBY MISS AMICK

SEVENTH GRADE —— MISS SHELBY

EIGHT GRADE —— MISS NELSON

SEVENTH GRADE —— MISS NELSON

SEVENTH AND EIGHT GRADE
MR. BRIDGES

SEVENTH GRADE —— MISS AMICK

PRISCILLA
AND
JOHN ALDEN

"MORE TIME OUT"

MILES
STANDISH

EIGHT GRADE —— MISS AMICK

Little marks in Latin,
Little marks in Dutch,
Make a fellow's football chance
Not amount to much.

"Now I lay me down to sleep
In my little bed,
Exams. begin tomorrow morn,"
The sleepy Freshman said.

But as I lay me down to sleep
In my little bunk,
I hope to die before I wake,
And thus escape a flunk.

—*Exchange.*

"SLIPPING OUT"

When you do not have a class the last period in the afternoon you should go into some classroom and talk to the teacher until "classes" have passed. Then step quietly into the hall and learn the whereabouts of Mr. Andrews without letting him know yours. After he has closed the doors of the assembly room and seated himself upon the platform behind the desk, go quietly and with dignity into the cloak room and take your hat from the hook. Then go down the stairs and out of the building just as if you have the right to do so. However, it is always wise to choose the west stairway, because there is a clear view of the south stairway from the assembly room, and Mr. Andrews might become restless and wander about—he might see you. It is very uncomfortable to get caught, especially if you have to write a ten-page thesis as a punishment. When carried out successfully this is called "slipping out."

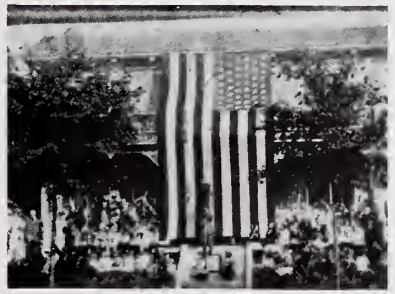
H. M. M.

LITERATURE

RILEY DAY

OCTOBER 7, 1912, the school children of Greenfield and the surrounding country gave a reception in honor of our Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, who was born in this city and spent his early life here. It was a day of music, flowers and speeches. Mr. Riley was met at the end of West Main street by a band and, as he proceeded down the street, school children, on either side, threw flowers into his machine. When he reached the court house, large crowds awaited him. The Mayor, Mr. Ora Myers, inrtoduced Mr. George Carr and Mr. William A. Hough, who delivered speeches. After that, there was a general reception. This is an important event in our high school career. We, the Seniors, were Freshmen at that time and we thoroughly enjoyed the celebration.

CAMARADERIE



The Pessimist

I'm so tired of all the lessons
Thoughts of study make me moan,
I'm so wearied by outside things
Talks with teachers bring forth groans.
I'm so tired of all this humdrum—
Notebooks, maps, reports and tests;
I'm so weary of the whole thing
Think I'll quit and take a rest.

The grass is just so pretty
And the air's so fresh and pure,
The sun shines like some fine-spun gold;
The sky is bright and clear,
The birds are loudly calling,
Building nests, selecting mates—
I should like to stay and watch them—
But, to school, or I'll be late.

The flowers out in the woods, I know,
Are bursting into bloom.
The trees are waking up, too,
And will all be budding soon.
It's awful just to sit here,
Pouring over some old book.
There's so much really better;
Oh, for time to go and look!

What's the use of this imprisonment?
Won't somebody kindly say?
Spring is here in all her glory,
Wish I was happy and real gay.
Oh! I'm weary of this hum drum,
And so tired of school today;
If someone would only join me,
I'd be glad to run away.

—Edith Duncan, '16

"Just Kids"

'Tis sweet to flirt,
But O how bitter,
To want a girl
When you cannot gitter.

It was a beautiful spring day when little Mary Elizabeth walked proudly into the school room in her new pink dress. She held her head up proudly and gazed over the room at her schoolmates. Finally her gaze fell upon the face of Bobby, who was smiling at her admiringly. She looked at him unsmilingly and permitted her pretty little nose to turn up just a trifle. Then, with a haughty air, she walked down the aisle and joined a group of her playmates.

"Oh, dis look what a brand new pink dress Mary 'Lisbeth has," said one.

"Oh, I dis wish I could have a new dress, too," sighed one small maiden enviously.

"Say," whispered Billy, loud enough so that Mary Elizabeth could hear, "I say she is the prettiest girl here." And Mary Elizabeth looked at him shyly, and when she turned around and beheld poor little Bobby looking very sad, a thoughtful expression overspread her face.

The bell rang and all the children clambered into their seats. Mary smiled continually at Billy and wholly ignored Bobby. However, nothing of consequence happened during the morning or forepart of the afternoon, except Bobby and Billy appeared to be at daggers' points, and if looks could kill I'm sure Billy would have died immediately.

At last all the lessons for the day were recited except spelling, it being the last period of the day. The pupils all looked forward to spelling, as it afforded them much pleasure to outspell each other. They all stood in a row along the wall and every time one would reach the head of the row he would be rewarded with a silver paper star and the one receiving the most silver stars would be presented with a large golden star at the end of the year.

This day it was Mary Elizabeth's turn to be at the head of the row, with Billy next to her, and then Bobby being next to Billy. Billy looked as if he were in heaven because he was standing by Mary Elizabeth, and now and then he would glance at Bobby with a triumphant smile on his face. After the pupils had finally secured their proper places in the row the teacher began to pronounce the spelling lesson.

"Animal, Mary Elizabeth," pronounced the teacher.

"A-n (an)-i- (i) m-a-l (mal) animal," quickly spelled Mary Elizabeth.

"Hurrah, Billy," pronounced the teacher.

"H-H-He-" stammered Billy.

"No, Billy, try again," said the teacher.

"H-a; No," stuttered Billy, scratching his head.

"No, Bobby you may spell it," said the teacher.

"H-u-r-r-a-h (hurrah)," almost shouted Bobby.

"Correct," said the teacher. "Billy, let Bobby pass you."

Bobby steps proudly past Billy and takes his place beside Mary Elizabeth.

Mary Elizabeth looked very angry, but just before class was over Bobby managed somehow to win back the good graces of Mary Elizabeth.

Just before class was over and Bobby had received a very encouraging smile from Mary Elizabeth he turned to Billy and gave him a very leering and triumphant smile, and poor little Billy jammed his hands down deep into his trouser-pockets and swallowed his chagrin all alone.

April 1, 1916. H. M. T.

—o—

"Woman is Fickle"

This is a story of colors and of a light that failed.

Three pupils of the Greenfield High School were strolling up North State street one evening a few weeks ago—a boy and a girl. Loudly their voices rose at irregular intervals and a listener heard:

"Now, Paul, you see that I can't possibly go on that ride with you now, I have promised Robert, and maybe mother won't let me go at all."

"Huh, you would always rather go with Bob than me," came a voice, supposedly Paul's.

"Well, I suppose she's got a right to, you sore head. Anybody with any sense would," answered the other masculine voice (Robert's).

"O boys, if you get angry I'll *never* speak to you again," pleaded the girl. "But you're both big cowards, sissies! I want a boy who is romantic, who could protect me." She was evidently afraid that they would stop quarreling.

"Cowards? I'm no coward," said both boys at once.

"Well, if you're not just suppose you do something daring, something heroic. Say, I know what, Paul, you're a Senior; Robert, you're a Junior, so the first fellow that puts his colors up I go with him on that hay ride."

They were approaching the girl's home, a house surrounded by a fence. The boys were silent for a moment, hanging upon the gate, apparently considering. "Well," said Paul, "I'm game." The other echoed his remark. And the heartless jade coolly bade them be heroes. Sullenly, and with never a word, the boys parted.

That night a figure slipped slowly, silently toward the schoolhouse from the west, for from prehistoric times the schoolhouse has been the place to hoist colors. Another slipped on the slippery sidewalk from the east, and this figure had a short ladder.

Let us follow these mysterious fgures—up the ladder from the east and through a window from the west, neither knowing of the other's presence. Creeping up the main stair went a figure all in black, slipping through the assembly room door, swallowed by the darkness. Then the other figure went up the creaking stair. Hold! They see each other, they, run, they flee down the stair in headlong hase! What is that in front of them? A light, figures moving about on the floor

below. They are seized! Held!

"Well, you thought you could put one over on Johnny, did you? I was fixed for you this time. You'll get what's coming to you." The light showed the faces of the janitor and several members of the faculty.

* * * * * *

Three nights later two figures were seen standing under the street light a square or so from a certain young lady's home. It was the night of the ride. They heard some one approaching. Ah! fickle maiden, she has another victim. A well known voice (Paul's): "Well, I'll be a goose if she aint got a Freshman!"

The other joined in: "Forever and ever shall I be a hater of women; but look, listen!"

Then a voice as sweet as strained honey or Barnard's sorghum and familiar to their ears is heard:

"Clarence, dear, aren't you afraid you'll be cold?"

They stopped, evidently to warm under the street light.

Then the light went out.

EPILOGUE.

"Woman is fickle,
False altogether,
Floats like a feather
Borne on the breeze."

Dale Spencer, '16.

"HENPECKED"

"I'll never sign that deed till you listen to me!"

Elvira, the wife of Ezra Perkins, pushed aside the pen offered her, and in a weak, timid voice said firmly: "I got something to say afore I sign that deed. I've been married to ye fifty-two years in January, ain't I?"

"What's that got to do with this deed?"

"Simply this. I've kept account of all the cash you've given me in that fifty-two years an' it amounts to just eleven dollars and forty-eight cents."

"Well, you've had your board an' bed and a good home all that time, ain't yu?"

"Well, it's been nearly two years since I've had a cent in cash to spend an' I don't sign no deed for that land you're selling till I have some assurance that I'll get something out uv it."

Ezra turned pale and his voice trembled as he said: "Gone an' lost your head, ain't you, Elvira?"

"No, I ain't. I'm just gettin' it. You're going to get twenty-four thousand dollars for that gr——"

"I got to pay off a mortgage of two thousand on it."

"That leaves you twenty-two thousand."

"Now, see here, Elvira, you ain't goin' to make me——"

"I'm agoin' to make you give me some of that cash. Yes, sir! I'll never sign that till I get some right here in my hand. I know that besides what you will get for your property you've got seven hundred in your pocket from them cattle, an' ye got nigh onto eleven thousand in the bank. That would make

about thirty thousand. When I sign this deed I got to have a certain share of that, Ezra Perkins."

"How much do you want?"

"Well, Ezra, I want to get me a new gingham dress for that shirt social, an' it takes six yards at six cents a yard, so it would cost thirty-six cents, an' with thread and trimmin's it would make nearly fifty cents."

"Fifty cents! Can't you make it forty-five?"

"No, sir. It has to be fifty."

"I ain't got but forty-eight cents in change. Won't that do?"

"No, I say. Give me a bill and I can get it changed."

Ezra paid it all right and restored his wallet to its accustomed place with a trembling hand, sighed deeply and wiped a tear from his eye.

John Oxer, '16.

—o—

"Sentiments of a Student"

I don't see why she makes
Us write these poems and the lot,
For don't she know it really takes
More brains than we have got.

She thinks I am a star,
By the way I recite;
But her thoughts I'll have to mar,
For I'm in an awful plight.

For I'm asked to write a poem,
And I really hate to do it,
For anything that I should write
She'll be sure to misconstrue it.

But at last I've changed my mind,
And I'm sure that I'll succeed,
For I'll write a poem of the kind
That she'll be sure to read.

And when she reads this poem
Her mind she'll concentrate,
To try to understand it,
And its words to regulate.

Its nouns and verbs and other words,
She'll try to conjugate
And tear up all the phrases,
Which are so immaculate.

And when she's through,
I know she'll say
No more poems will bother you,
If I have my own way.

—*Harry Elliott, '17.*

"THE BASKET OF LUNCH"

One fine spring day, as John Milton was fixing the fence next to the road he heard the clump, clump, clump of horses hoofs. On looking up he saw a plump little lady seated in a rickety old buggy and driving a fat, old horse. He presumed she was the widow Perkins, who had lately moved on the old White place.

About 3 o'clock that afternoon the same outfit—lady and all—returned. John concluded she had taken her produce, consisting of butter, eggs, chickens, etc., to town, and he wondered how often this would occur.

You see, John Milton was a bachelor of some renown, being about forty-five, tall, well-built, good-looking and owning a nice little farm. But it was whispered around in the "Shallow Creek" neighborhood that the poor man was actually afraid of the ladies.

For four successive days the unknown Mrs. Perkins passed John twice a day, and on the fifth day something very strange happened. You see, it was like this:

Just as she passed him, a large, brown basket fell out of the buggy. He picked it up, as she drove unconcernedly on. Opening the basket, his poor, hungry bachelor eyes beheld a lunch fit for a king. Fried chicken, hot rolls, preserves, and everything else. He thought of his own cold "bought" dinner, and the temptation was so strong that he yielded.

That afternoon she found him diligently driving a fence-post into the ground.

"Good evening," she said frankly.

"Evening," briefly.

"I lost my basket of lunch along here som'rs," she resumed, "and I just wondered if you found it?"

"No, I never," John lied.

"That's all, then. If you hear tell of anyone findin' it, tell 'em to please return it to me. I am Mrs. Perkins, and I live on the old White place."

"I will," John promised.

"G' evening."

"Evening." John gave the post an extra hard hit.

He thought of her that night as he smoked his pipe, and wondered what she thought of him. The next morning she stopped her horse again.

"Morning," she smiled.

"Morning," he grinned.

"Do you know of any man that could come over to my house and help me move the organ this evening?"

"Well, maybe I could." He said it eagerly, then, not wishing to appear too anxious, said doubtfully: "That is, if you could put it off till some other evenin'."

"Nope," she answered. "It has to be done this very evening; but you don't need to mind. I guess I can get some man at town. I allus done it myself before, but seems like I ain't what I used to be. You see, I wasn't aimin' to pay him anything, anyway, just a good hot supper."

Again he thought of his own cold supper, and before she

could start her horse, said: "I'll come, and gladly. I guess I can arrange my work. About five?"

"Yes. Mornin'."

"Mornin'."

His fence was done before 3 o'clock, so he went into the house to clean up a little. About half-past four he hitched up and started. He had gone about a quarter of a mile when he overtook Amanda Green. She asked him to give her a lift, which he very obligingly did. Amanda had never married, although she was about the age of John.

"Remember when we were little, John?"

"Yes," he returned.

"You were always so good and kind to me."

"Wuz I?"

"Oh, yes, John! Don't you remember when I was such a little girl, you would always help me over the mud puddles in the schoolhouse yard?"

"Yes." But John's thoughts were far away.

"And here you are all alone, ain't you, John?"

"Yes," came the same preoccupied answer.

"You need a woman, don't you, John?"

"Yes."

"Some settled woman, too, John. You don't need a girl, young and frisky. You need a woman, don't you, John?"

"Yes."

"I am glad you see it. And now, considering that we have always known each other, let me help you find her, won't you, John?"

"Yes."

"Let me see." She seemed to be in deep thought, and she slipped her hand tenderly through his arm. But it was here John came out of his trance, and, realizing the situation, said:

"I've got her already picked out, Mandy."

Mandy smiled. "Oh, you have? How nice, John. But who could it be?" She laid her other hand on his arm.

"Well, it's Mrs. Perkins, and the time's all set, and everything's fixed."

"How nice," Manda said, briskly, withdrawing her hands. "Here is all the farther I am going."

After John had let her out, and was driving on, he said to himself, "Good thing I quit dreaming. One more "yes" would have finished me."

He had been at Mrs. Perkins's about an hour. The organ was in place and they were seated at the table. John thought she looked so pretty in the little blue dress. He liked the part where her hair was turning gray.

Suddenly the door opened and Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins burst into the room, a smile on both their jolly faces.

"Congratulations," and they shook hands.

'What for?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

"Now, don't be so surprised. Your secret is out. John told Amanda Green, as he came over here. So you see we know all about it, and we got it straight," said Mrs. Wiggins.

"All about what?" again asked Mrs. Perkins.

"The wedding."

"What wedding?"

Why, yours and John's, of course. When is it going to be?"

Several times John had attempted to speak, but it seemed he

had lost his power of speech. His mouth was dry, and there was a drumming sound in his ears. But to his surprise Mrs. Perkins crossed the room to him, and placing her hand on his arm, said:

"Next month." Then, smiling up into his face, "You wanted it as soon as possible didn't you, John, dear?"

But John was too bewildered to do other than nod. Still, he was conscious of feeling very happy.

And—who can deny that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach?

Jessie Brooks, '17.

—o—

"A Page From Nancy Lee's Diary"

Monday Morning. Another new week and a clean page. Well, goodness, I do hope something exciting will happen. I've looked over the pages of the last weeks and they run something like this: "Got up, went to bed." "Mother's going away tomorrow." "Grandmother Lee is seriously ill." What a lonesome Thanksgiving day it will be! I've got to keep house. Fried eggs and olives will be the menu, you can bet on that.

Tuesday Evening. I'm beginning to feel the responsibility. Mother left early this morning and took baby Jane with her. Father and Jim came home this noon hungry as bears. I had forgotten all about being housekeeper and came strolling in from school expecting dinner to be ready as usual. Dad got all out of patience and rushed off to the restaurant, leaving Jim and me to lunch on anything we could find. I, Nance Lee, hereby resolve to reform.

Wednesday Afternoon. Well, dinner is over and I've cut school to clear away the remains. I'm too tired to write more.

Thursday Evening. My! but this has been a happy Thanksgiving day. We were all invited out to Aunt Mary's for dinner. Had the first square meal since mother went away. I was certainly glad I didn't have to wash those dishes. I positively ache when see a dirty dish. In the afternoon the sun came out and we finished the day by playing tennis. I got beat, but I don't care.

Friday Evening, 10 P. M. I'm sitting up in bed writing this with a leaky fountain-pen. I got up real early this morning and was going to have a regular feast for Dad—just to show him I could cook, you know. Every time I got started doing something the doorbell would ring. First the newsboy, then book agents, neighbors, peddlers, and even tramps. About 9 o'clock the bell gave another ring and "sunny-tempered" Nancy ran to answer it. You can imagine how I felt when I saw my visitor. My heart sank, for there stood my father's great-aunt, Hannah. Of all the fault-finding, prim, prissy, just plain cross old maids, she's the worst. She began at once: "Nancy Lee, what do I smell? "I hope," but by that time I was in the kitchen. Here I found my beautiful pies, the pride of my heart, burned to a crisp. Horrible things kept happening all day, and Aunt Hannah kept up her complaining, but the dinner capped the climax. I spilled the pepper in the soup and it burned all the way down. The meat was nearly raw and the

salad was tasteless. I thought at least the dessert would be good, but I knew the verdict when I watched the expression on Aunt Hannah's face as she ate. You scatter-brained Nancy! I had put salt instead of sugar on those peaches. Father smoothed things over, but I thought I would die of mortification. Mother's coming home tomorrow. Welcome to our city.

Matilda Hafner, '16.

——o——

"JOHANNA'S TEST"

Johanna Farwell sat alone in the English room of the Pemberton High School doing some very hard thinking. Her spirit of class loyalty was at war with sense of justice and honor.

The clash between the Junior and Senior classes had occurred the day before against the express commands of the principal and now those participating faced expulsion unless they would disclose the names of the ringleaders.

"Well," she thought, "I don't see why that hateful faculty can't attend to their own business. How did we know that dove would refuse to move from its roosting on the rafter? But, of course, as in everything, I was one of those that got caught, and now if I don't tell on the others it will mean that I won't be able to graduate. Of course there were others that were caught; but shoot! what's the use of goin' on this way? Shall I tell, or shan't I? Someone told on me and why shouldn't I tell on the others? Then we would all be in the same boat. That surely was not a dove of peace!"

For more than an hour she plied herself with these questions, and the battle raged fiercely until when the shadows began to lengthen she arose, put on her hat, and quietly left the room, her lips set firmly, her decision made.

With her resolve still firm she went to the home of the principal, rather dreading to announce her decision in spite of herself. The principal himself opened the door and Johanna hesitated before she spoke. Should she break her resolution now? Either way it would probably mean expulsion, for either the deed or not telling the names. She mastered the temptation, then calmly said: "I am sorry, Mr. Moore, but I think it best to remain silent concerning the persons who took part in the class scrap yesterday. You already know where the dove was bought and have found several of those who took part in the scrap. With that, I think, you should be satisfied."

"Oh, you do! And so you have decided not to tell? Well, do you-a-hm, do you think this quite honorable?"

"Yes, sir. Be first loyal to your country, then to your school."

"Don't you think the faculty a part of the school?"

"Yes, certainly, but not the main part, and under most conditions I agree they should be considered first, but in this, since there was no harm done, I think it is class first, then the faculty."

"But you are aware of the fact, I think, Miss Farwell, that this will mean expulsion for the rest of the year, which in

your case means sacrifice of graduation."

"Yes, sir, I considered that when I made my decision."

"And yet you think this right and honorable?"

"I don't know about the honorable part. It probably isn't according to the accepted rule for honor. No one is perfect and this is one of my imperfections."

"Then, Miss Farwell, I am afraid you must suffer the consequences. Do you wish a statement of your credits?"

"If you please, sir."

He disappeared into the house and soon returned with a small piece of white paper. Johanna calmly folded it and placed it in her glove, and then a strange thing happened. The principal held out his hand and said: "Shake hands, Miss Farwell, you are the only one of the crowd who had grit enough to stand firm in the face of consequences. I must congratulate you on your grit."

Johanna shook his hand and went down the steps with a heavy heart. It seemed as if that wisp of paper weighted her glove. As she neared the corner light she removed it from her glove, and unthoughtedly she opened it. She almost screamed with astonishment as she read:

"This is to certify that Miss Johanna Farwell has passed satisfactorily in the test prescribed by the School Board.

"Benjamin Moore, Principal."

"This surely must be a mistake," she thought, as she went back to the home of the principal.

"Are you sure you gave me the right paper, Mr. Moore?" she asked, when he responded to her ring.

"Absolutely sure, Miss Farwell. You see it was this way. The Board held a meeting last night, when it was decided to ask each one of the guilty parties the same question and give them the same test. You are the only one who came in person, all the others called me over the phone or wrote notes, and you are the only one who passed. The whole thing was a farce."

Alma Fort, '19.

—o—

"LOST"

She had been affected by the peculiar malady every night, with the exception of three, for seven weeks. Then there were two weeks that we did not see her.

Although she was always very slender she was even more so when we saw her again. Always quiet, she now seldom spoke and sat gazing pensively into the distance.

One day while passing into the hall she was seen to stagger and to grasp the railing for support. They helped her into an adjoining room and sent for a doctor.

As he entered the room she lay perfectly motionless. After a hasty observation he examined her heart and cast a doubtful look at her companions. He then drew a pound of chocolate caramels from his pocket with instructions—*to be taken as fast as they can be chewed.*

Picking up his hat and grip, he walked to the door, where he turned, and, biting off a chew of Granger Twist, said sadly: "Harneyitis!"

Helen Morgan, '16.

"X+Y=XY"

Willie was just a little brown eyed, fair faced Freshman. He wore a dark blue suit with knee trousers and the very shiniest patent leather shoes to be found in the store. His collars and shirts, as well as his hands and face, were always immaculate. Because of his previous good record he was given a back seat in the big Greenfield High School assembly room.

This description of Willie was given by someone to someone else. Immediately someone's eyes were turned towards the back seat. Brown eyes met gray eyes for just a second, then the gray ones fell, and a dainty little nose went up in the air with a sniff. "He is no better looking than anyone else," was the brief comment.

For many days Willie's study periods were seriously disturbed. Just four seats in front of him, one row to the left sat a dainty little girl who was always studiously working algebra; but no matter how hard he worked on algebra he knew only one equation—gray eyes + light hair = happiness.

On the 13th of November Willie was almost desperate. As he marched to algebra class his heart was very heavy, because he did have his algebra but he did not have something else which he wanted very much.

"William, you may explain the thirteenth problem," came the stern voice of Mr. Todd.

"I don't believe I can," absently replied Willie.

"What?" came the sharp retort, and the end of the pointer was whisked within two inches of a pair of sad brown eyes, which were gazing at a head bending over the arm of Bob Mullin's chair. Willie jumped, then blushed like a girl.

"Thought I'd hit ye, didn't ye? Well, ye better wake up. I said explain the thirteenth problem." And Mr. Todd thrust the pointer into Willie's hand, then marched to the back of the room laughing and making faces at the rest of the class. Poor Willie walked to the board, looked at the long equation, and sighed. Just then he caught a glimpse of a pair of laughing gray eyes and his face became very white. She was laughing at him. In an instant the pointer was placed on the board and that thirteenth problem was explained without an error. As he walked to his seat Willie held his head very high and never once looked at a pair of gray eyes, which were mutely asking for pardon.

"Pretty good, William, better stay awake after this," was Mr. Todd's wise advice.

For three long forty-minute study periods this advice was conscientiously followed. Then came the downfall of the hero. It was the last period of the day and Mr. Todd had charge of the assembly. Willie was reading a library book and all thoughts of gray eyes had long ago left his mind. Suddenly there came a hiss and a small piece of white paper fell beside his desk. He looked up and encountered the eyes of Mr. Todd. What was he to do? Had he seen? These were the thoughts that flashed through his mind. All at once he realized that Mr. Todd was coming towards him and there was a look on his face which boded no good for that little piece of paper. In an instant Willie tore a piece of notepaper in two and dropped

it on the floor; a shiny black shoe went down on the note and it was slid under the desk out of sight. In another instant Mr. Todd stood beside the desk and was looking at a suspicious piece of white paper.

"Caught ye this time, didn't I?" And there was no laughter in his voice. "Hand it to me."

Willie stooped, picked up the paper and gave it to Mr. Todd, who opened it and read aloud: "X+y=xy."

"Humph! it does, does it? Well, I am glad someone is interested enough in algebra to work out such a simple equation. Get to work now."

With this he turned and walked back to his desk.

For five minutes hardly a muscle moved in Willie's body. Then, quick as a flash he caught up that little missive, which he had saved. With trembling hands he opened the note and read: "Please, I wasn't laughing at you at all in algebra class. I was laughing at a picture that Bob drew of Mr. Todd." No signature was on it, but why should there be? As a pair of brown eyes looked up they looked straight into a pair of gray ones. The gray ones were very bright with tears which had come in that two minutes of awful suspense.

That evening a gentleman in knee trousers strolled down Main street with a dainty little girl. Neither of them knew that the algebra teacher stood on the corner of Main and Pennsylvania and laughed until he cried as he exclaimed: "So, my young gentleman, x+y=xy, eh?"

Cora Jackson, '16.

"November the First"

The turkey strutted through the gate,
His colors showing bright.
A man came up with ax in hand,
And he did shake with fright.

His feathers fell, his colors dimmed;
And he was not so brave.
The ax, when held above his head,
Showed him the cold, dark grave.

What was this ax? Who was this man?
What was the turkey proud?
Why did his colors lose their light?
Why thought he of his shroud?

The man was Mr. Larrabee;
The ax, the law he made;
The fowl was Juniors of sixteen—
That's why he was afraid.

—*Vera Burton*, '16.

Growing Young at Sixty

Mr. Bennett eagerly absorbed every word of the magazine article, "Growing Young at Fifty." Finishing this he gazed at the lamp for some time, then turned to his wife, who was sitting at the other side of the table, placidly knitting.

"Rachel, do you realize that we have fallen into a state of lethargy? We are slowly losing our vitality and individuality in this atmosphere of quietness. What we need is excitement. This man says everybody can grow young if he has a mind to. We are only sixty. I mean I am, and you are fifty-eight. Let's try it. Now, Eleanor wants us to come to that 'dingfoddy' of hers, that open-house reception she called it. Tomorrow we'll buy all sorts of regular clothes. See if we are as old as we think we are."

Mrs. Bennett looked rather dubious, but finally she said: "All right, father, but I think it's kinda risky."

The next day Mrs. Bennett went down town with her husband. They decided that shoes were the keynote of every costume, so entering a shop, started their shopping.

"Shoes for this lady, please."

"I have something that would be very nice for her, I think," and the salesman, returning, presented an old lady's shoe, with a "comfort" heel.

"I said shoes, not a grandma's footease," shouted Mr. Bennett indignantly.

"But I am a grandmother, Samuel," gently interposed Mrs. Bennett, "and anyway I—"

"No, you are going to have shoes, not carpet slippers."

Mr. Bennett decided on a beautiful shoe, of the rather extreme gypsy style, and as it looked nice and didn't hurt, as long as she sat down, Mrs. Bennett made no objections.

Other articles of dress were purchased, in harmony with the shoes, not only for Mrs. Bennett, but for her huhband.

At last Mr. Bennett led his wife to the cosmetics department.

"I know you're just as pretty as anybody, but let's see what these will do for you."

The willing saleslady brought forth a nice little pink cake of something.

"Here you are, Madam, *Sempre Giovene*, 'always young'."

"Here, Samuel, I think I will take this. It says on the wrapper, 'Home product, made by a widow to support two children,' I know that anybody that would work so hard wouldn't put anything bad on the market."

The day of the reception came, and both of them felt very excited. Mr. Bennett was like a boy, even the wife was feeling real "pert" over the prospect.

At last they were ready and the electric was at the door.

Arriving at the house, their daughter greeted them with amazement.

"Why, mother! What have you done to yourself? You look ten years younger. And papa, too."

Mrs. Bennett sat still as long as she could, and kept quiet, for she felt conspicuous, but she could escape notice no longer, for her daughter demanded that her parents stand in the receiving line.

One hour later gentle Mrs. Bennett seized the arm of her husband and drew him into the library.

"Samuel Bennett, you tell the man to call the machine. I'm not going to stand this torture one other minute. My feet are killing me now, and I haven't had off my flannels for years in the winter time. I felt a draught and I know I am going into neuralgia."

To her surprise Mr. Bennett agreed readily.

"All right, Rachel, all right, I'll have it here in a minute, and I'll run up and get your wraps."

They made the trip home in silence, but as they went into the house Mr. Bennett said:

"Well, my dear, I guess we are too old to try this. I find it isn't correct any more to stick one's napkin in the top of his vest, and say, Rachel, did you notice that article was "Growing Young at *Fifty*"?

Elizabeth Jackson, '16.

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Observations From a Freight Train

Luke Simpson was a brakeman on the fast freight running between Indianapolis and Chicago. His route took in many small towns and a few large ones. The rural scenery throughout that section of the country through which he passed was possessed of that air of contentment and ease which always hovers over the rich lands of the Indiana farmer.

Luke was a queer young fellow, about twenty years of age. He had been left an orphan when very young and was at this time very anxious to get married and settle down. Thus, you see, with this one desire uppermost in his mind and heart, he naturally made himself very susceptible to the charms and beauties of the fair sex. He had been in love several times, only to lose "her" at the very last moment. However, he was a determined young fellow and faithfully believed that some day he would meet the right girl.

One beautiful day, as he was passing through that particular part of Indiana, which seemed to rival heaven itself for beauty and grandeur, he was dreamily looking into the future and wondering how and where this uncertain, roving life of his was going to end. His attention was from time to time drawn from himself and centered on some magnificent field of oats or wheat waving gently with the breeze, or a cool looking woods with its deep foliage and impenetrable thickets. Then as he passed a beautiful country home and hungrily observed the tranquility and beauty of it all he longed to possess such a home and live in contentment and ease.

Suddenly he noticed, seated in a large front window of one of the finest looking country mansions he had ever seen, a beautiful country maiden. She was a blonde and beautiful, wonderfully beautiful. Luke admitted to himself that she was the most wonderful and charming creature he had ever laid eyes on, and immediately decided within himself that she was the "right girl." Then she waved her hand at him. His heart leaped and he almost fell off the top of the freight car upon which he was perched.

Days passed by and each day "she" sat at the window and

each day they waved at each other and seemed to become closer and closer. Luke from time to time dropped a nice box of candy or some other present off the train to a couple of small boys, whom he supposed to be her brothers. A note attached designated that it was for "her." He received in return some notes handed to him by the same boys. He found that her name was Goldie Berger, that she had been sick, but best of all, that she was desperately in love with him.

Finally, Luke determined to visit "her," and after attiring himself in his best suit, buying a new hat, etc., he called, one fine afternoon. As he approached the gate he saw "her" sitting in the same rigid, yet lady-like attitude, at the window, seemingly more beautiful than ever. As Luke approached the door a wonderful change came over him. He almost fell to the ground. As he stumbled his hat fell from his head, a look of inexpressible horror spread over his countenance and large beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He abruptly turned, picked up his hat and started hurriedly for the gate.

There, above the window, was a weather-beaten, dimly-lettered sign, and below it, in the window, comfortably seated in a chair, with her beautiful glass eyes turned heavenward, was a magnificent *waxen figure*, with painted cheeks and the whitest of teeth, clothed in the most elaborate and costly garments. The sign read: *Wax Figure Works, Wax Figures Made To Order. Silas Simpkins, Proprietor.*

It may further be said that as Luke stepped out of the gate he saw the two giggling boys around the corner of the barn completing the devastation of one of his fine two-pound boxes of chocolates, and upon his looking back at the window he saw the waxen hand of Goldie wave advertisingly to the passengers aboard the Hoosier Limited as it lumbered noisily along.

Paul Rhoadarmer, '16.

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Tom, Dick and Harriette

Yes, again it was Monday morning and the beginning of another tiresome week of school. The first bell had rung fully five minutes before Harriette came running down the steps, her hat in her hand and her books under her arm.

It was a beautiful spring morning. Just as she reached the sidewalk she met Dick Chancellor.

"Good morning, Dick," said Harriette, "I don't believe I've seen you since last night!"

"Didn't we have a bully time?" said Dick. "I think Miss Woodberry was a star for chaperoning us on the winnie roast."

They both rushed into school breathless and were in their seats just before the last bell rang. Dick sat across from Harriette, while Tom Hammond, Dick's chum, sat in front of her. The three had been the best of friends since they were old enough to pull each other's hair and fight. The fighting was mostly between the two boys as to which would give the sun-baked mud pies to the girl; but she sometimes fought for the pie before it was baked, saying that her dollies were hungry.

"Oh, my," whispered Harriette to Tom, "Dick and I cer-

tainly had a narrow escape this morning, and that old bear of a principal would simply eat us alive if we were tardy."

Harriette did not half have her lessons that morning, as she had been up late the night before. Tom, Dick and Harriette walked home together that noon. "What do you say," said Dick, "to having a hay ride this evening? Father told me this morning that we had a dandy big wagon at the farm that would be fine for a hayride. So, if we can all go I'll tell the man at the farm to bring the wagon in this afternoon."

"Oh, that will be great!" cried Harriette. "Get some paper and we will make a list of folks real quickly and each of us can tell part of them after dinner."

And so the hay-ride was arranged.

Harriette went back to school with a light heart. They were going to have such fun! It wasn't to be just a hay-ride, they were going to take a lunch to the woods. Every now and then Harriette whispered to Tom that it was the longest three hours that she had ever spent.

As soon as school was out the girls hurried home to get the lunch baskets, while the boys went to Dick's house after the wagon. "Tom," said Dick, "supposing you and some of the fellows go down and get a couple of gallons of ice cream, while the rest of us get the wagon."

"Good suggestion," said Tom, "come on, some of you, and go with me."

At 4:30 all were assembled at the appointed place and as the wagon drove up all gave three cheers for Dick. The baskets and freezer were put into the wagon and all climbed in.

"I get to sit in the end and dangle my feet," said Harriette. But as she sat down she got a little too close to the edge and went tumbling out in the dust. Tom jumped out and ran to her. "Are you hurt?" he asked. "No, I guess not," laughed Harriette. "Well," said Tom, "you have been wanting to know what to do in the tryout for the Dramatic Club. Allow me to suggest that you be Humpty-Dumpty and I will be one of the King's Men." "I know I'm all together, but I don't suppose I look like it. Is my hat on straight?"

A few weeks later, when the ANNUAL was published, there was a picture of Harriette scrambling in the dust in true egg fashion. The picture was entitled, "Harriette Harley Trying Out for the Dramatic Club."

Harriette blamed the accusing picture to Dick, who had to confess that he had taken his camera for a group picture, but after he had taken the one of Harriette he thought he would keep mum about it until it was printed. "I know it was a mean trick," explained Dick, "and I'll pay any penalty you wish to impose." "A box of candy, please," laughed Harriette.

When the box came she realized that Dick was still teasing her about her fall, for it was filled with candy Easter eggs and creamed filberts, which when they were little children they had always called Humpty-Dumpties.

Marcia Hough.

An Ill Timed Experiment

As Don Antley stood on the front steps of the Humphrey summer home he looked as if he was settling some mighteous problem, but as a matter of fact he was only making a self-inventory, which was very satisfying to himself. Yes, he could now contemplate marriage. Before this he could look on the marriage of his friends with feelings equally intermixed with pity and censure, for according to his opinion a man who married before he was well established in his business or profession was a cross between a fool and a criminal. But considering his recent successes in the financial world he had good reasons to be a bit vain of himself.

Just then the breakfast bell sounded and put an end to his musings. Mr. Humphrey, his host, made the guests known to one another, for most of them had arrived only the evening before. One young girl, a Miss Baldwin, particularly caught Antley's attention. In her fresh white linen she seemed to be an embodiment of an early summer morning. Owing to Mr. Humphrey's kindness he was seated next to her at the table. When the meal was over he asked Miss Baldwin to accompany him on a walk around the grounds. She graciously assented and commenced to pin on her Panama hat upside down. He told her of her mistake, and as she wasn't over eighteen, he attributed this little episode to maiden's shyness.

It was a beautiful morning in late May, and they left the grounds belonging to Mr. Humphrey's home for a short country stroll. Things seemed to be progressing smoothly and Antley was flattering himself on his conversational powers with the feminine sex, when his companion suddenly stopped, and, after she had removed her hat, took a small gold vanity box and powdered the top of her head. Mr. Antley was completely astounded. Although he supposed this was only a foolish fad he was disappointed that this seemingly lovely creature could be so light headed. After this Mr. Antley was not anxious to continue the walk and they turned back towards the house. As they entered the door Miss Baldwin quietly picked up the doormat, and carrying it into the house, deposited it on the buffet. Mr. Antley could no longer make excuses to himself for such actions. He had many strange theories regarding women (all men do who are not intimately acquainted with the fair sex and therefore know no better), but not a single one that would fit this case. Mr. Antley joined the group of men and tried to think no more of the affair. But he was keenly disappointed in Miss Baldwin—not only in her strange actions, but she seemed silent and self-conscious.

About two hours after lunch, when all of the guests were divided into various groups, Mr. Antley again approached Miss Baldwin, and this time he completely forgot the happenings of the morning in her bright and witty flow of conversation. In Mr. Antley's own language she was a star. Soon lemonade was served. But what was Miss Baldwin trying to do? Kneeling at his feet she poured about half of her glass of lemonade upon each of Mr. Antley's shoes. He could stand it no longer, but jumped to his feet and strode off. Was the girl crazy, or was this only some of the feminine coquetry? If so, he could

stand no more. He was not in a mood for companionship, so he went to a secluded spot in the garden. He had not been there long when a soft voice called: "Mr. Antley!" Turning around he saw Miss Baldwin, and at first she was almost repugnant to him, but as he looked at her more closely there was something in her face that reminded one of a penitent child.

"I know you are angry, but one question I must ask you first. Do you think I am mentally unbalanced?"

"Well, eh, no, not exactly."

"Then I am done with Uncle's experiment. You know he is a physiognomist. I am his secretary, and as his helper I pledged myself to do three ridiculous things in order to find out if people are quick to doubt another's sanity. I was so sorry that I had to try them on you, but Uncle insisted that I keep my promise.

He assured her that she was forgiven and moved to make room for her on the garden bench.

Eva Knight, '16.

—o—

When the world is bright and gay,
We are very fond of play.
But hark! there comes a sudden woe,
For someone has said, "Go to the
Assembly room below."

Johnnie's had trouble down in the cellar—
You can always tell when you hear him beller
"Who's been down there monekying with the fans?
If I ever catch him I'll see that he's tanned!
I went down and fixed the blamed things,
Then went upstairs to hear the kids sing—
And it started to get hot and they all yelled, 'Air!'
And I came hikin' right down the stair.
Say—who's been down there monkeyin' with the fans?
If I ever catch him I'll see that he's tanned!"

—Helen Morgan.

—o—

My First Poem

When asked to write this poem,
I scratched my head in vain,
Till every word I ever heard
Gave me a tinge of pain.

I searched the English language
To get an inspiration,
So that on Friday I could make
An S in recitation.

I guess this poem's perfect
In meter, words and rhyme,
But I think I can do better
When asked to, the next time.

—Asa Morton Goodwin, '16.

HOOKWORM

Sarah Wilson was a large woman, with a complexion of a deep ebony hue; therefore it was according to the nature of things that she should feel a secret pride in her slim decorative yellow-skinned husband, who was, in his Sunday clothes, of her procuring, a striking figure.

Sarah for many years worked on uncomplainingly, cheerfully, happily. She not only supported the family, including Andrew, but she made the garden, attended to the children and kept Andrew's clothes in such condition that he was the envy of every negro on the plantation. That Andrew was lazy and good for nothing did not trouble her in the least, until Sallie Jones came to the plantation.

Now Sallie was of the same taffy color as Andrew and she was not unlike Andrew in her distaste for labor. She was withal a finished coquette.

At church, the first Sunday Sallie was in the neighborhood, she selected, with great foresight, a seat in the amen corner, where she could look the congregation over at her leisure. Sarah noticed her roving eyes, and she noticed also that they lighted with mischief whenever they rested upon her and Andrew, sitting high up in the church in their Sunday finery. Consequently she was not greatly surprised at Sallie's after-church behavior.

"Introduce me ter dat han'som well dressed gen'man," the big woman heard her say in a languishing voice. And from that moment the "han'som well dressed gen'man" was Sallie's slave. Andrew came home only to sleep. Sarah looked on her recreant husband and the flirting damsel as they passed her gate on their way to picnics and various other pleasure excursions, and she made no sign. But no more was heard her tuneful song as she hung out clothes that rivaled snow in whiteness.

Sarah could have whipped Sallie without exerting herself over much, and such a proceeding would not have been contrary to the social ethics of the plantation, but the wife did not choose to recognize the yellow flirt's existence in any way whatever.

Of course Sallie had lovers galore, but from the first she neglected every one of them for Andrew Wilson, who was quite old enough to be her father. However, despite Sarah's blindness where Andrew was concerned, she read Sallie aright. It would give the mischievous flirt more joy, she knew, to humiliate her than any pleasure Andrew could possibly bestow, for which reason she made no sign at the open flirtation.

All the other colored women would look at Sarah in a pitying sort of a way, shake their heads and whisper, "What can she mean?" But Sarah's pride held her aloof, and as to all outward appearance she was the same hard-working, good-natured patient slave to her children and Andrew.

One day, Sallie and Andrew strolling home along a cool, shady path from a picnic passed Sarah, who was working in her garden after a hard day's ironing.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson," came floating back to Sarah on the soft evening air, in the coquette's most approved manner, "is ye got a engagement tomorrer?"

"Not if yoo is after needin' of me, Miss Sallie," answered the flattered Andrew.

"My garden is a needin' uv mo than I is, and dat am a sayin' a heap," chirped the yellow girl.

"I sur be over early, ye can depend on me, honey."

And the next day Sarah could see her lazy, indolent husband working hard in the broiling sun in Sallie's patch of ground, while that lady reclined in a hammock in the shade of a huge tree and directed his efforts.

All that day Sarah wore a deeply thoughtful look, and in the late afternoon, when she went to feed her chickens, and missed the finest of the frying size, her face settled into very determined lines, indeed.

That night Andrew came home groaning, his muscles ached from the unaccustomed labor; but his condition did not interfere with his appetite, which could always be depended upon. After he had eaten the supper of Sarah's preparing (Sallie's hospitality did not extend to cooking for her suitors), Sarah closed both doors, and what went on in that cabin that night no one knows, but the next day Andrew worked in his own garden, and from that time on he finished his work before seeking the fair one's society.

When no more offerings of chicken and other delicacies were laid on the coquette's shrine, and as Sarah continued to ignore her existence, her interest in Andrew ceased and she turned her attention to more profitable fields, and Andrew recovered from his midsummer madness.

After Sallie had no longer any interest for him he thought that Sarah would permit him to resume his idle, well dressed living as before Sallie's existence. But the mischief had been done. His Sarah saw things in a different light now. His supremacy was over. Sarah still cared for him, but there was some precious quality gone from the feeling, something that could never return.

Andrew's disinclination for work grew upon him, and every day as he dug or hoed in the garden he tried to think of some way to convince Sarah that he was unequal to the tasks imposed upon him.

One afternoon in the early fall Sarah saw him coming from the grocery, gazing steadily at a newspaper he was carrying. She was puzzled, as neither she nor Andrew could read.

"Sarah, honey," he began as soon as he reached the yard, where she was hanging out clothes, "I has got the hookworm decease. Jist look at dis picture of de curly creatures. My stomach is full of dem."

"How did you find dat out?" inquired Sarah dryly.

"Dem folks at the grocery store was a readin' it to me, and I sure has got ebery symptim of de decease."

"What air de symptims?" asked Sarah with an anxious note in her voice.

"De symptims air dat ebery minute ye feels like ye can't work another bit, and if ye do keep on workin' hit will sho kill ye. Yoo is hungry all de time and yoo has got to be fed, and if ye haint fed, fer if dem worms don't get enough to eat they go to work on yoo insides."

Andrew settled sadly down on the doorstep in the sun, and after a few groans and sighs went to sleep.

Sarah stood for a long time gazing at the sleeping man and the newspaper; then quietly dressing herself in in a stiffly starched pink dress and a white apron, she walked into town, to the office of a young doctor, the son of one of her old-time white patrons.

"Marsa Doctor, do you reckon my old man done got the hookworm disease?" was her anxious question, after she had described the late scene with her husband.

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness about Andrew, Aunt Sarah," the young doctor answered her with twinkling eyes. "His trouble can be cured, I think. Watch him closely tonight and I will see him tomorrow morning."

"Thank yoo, sir, thank yoo," answered Sarah.

"By the way, Aunt Sarah," he called as she was leaving, "isn't there a coon hunt tonight?"

"Yes, sir, an' if dere am anything that can rouse Andrew it am hunting coons."

"Good! Watch him closely."

"I shore will, Marsa Doctor."

That night Sarah rocked the baby to sleep early, then to all appearances was soon sleeping soundly herself. Andrew listened to her heavy breathing, and raised himself cautiously in bed, and waited for a long moment, finally crawling from the bed and noiselessly dressing himself, he hastened from the room.

The loud breathing of Sarah did not cease until he had ample time to get his axe, call his dog and leave the yard. Then Sarah, too, got up, threw on a few garments and followed him.

From the moment Andrew joined the crowd he was a changed man. The lassitude was gone from his body, his movements were quick and his voice rang out clear and strong; in fact, he at once became the leader of the coon hunters. Andrew was at the front, following close behind the dogs over dale, brook and swamp.

Sarah watched the moonlight scene from a nearby hillside until the chase began in earnest, then knowing it was useless to try to keep them in sight, she made a short cut across fields home. She had seen enough to satisfy her. Chuckling heartily, and yet with a hint of pain in her laughter, she trudged home.

Coming in from the hunt hours later, Andrew found Sarah as he had left her—sleeping soundly—and he was soon unsuspiciously sleeping, too.

The next morning Andrew was so much worse with the hookworm disease that he called to Sarah:

"Darlin', I shue do feel terrible creatures crawlin' all around in my stomach, an' I is so weak I can't possibly come to de table. Won't you bring your poor old, soon be dead husband some breakfast?"

Sarah soon had his tempting breakfast placed beside the bed on a chair. He expressed great surprise when Sarah found a coon in a bag outside the door, and he looked gloatingly on as she prepared it and put it into the oven to roast.

Just about the time the coon had reached a rich brown the young doctor came in.

Andrew was sleeping soundly, while Sarah was scrubbing the cabin floor.

"Well, Andrew," called the doctor, "I hear you are suffering from the hookworm disease."

Andrew slowly opened his eyes, and in a feeble voice replied: "Yes, doctor, I shooe is, an' I done hear dere is no cure for it."

"You must have obtained your information from unreliable source; a cure for hookworm has been discovered lately. What are you cooking, Aunt Sarah? It smells delicious."

"Hit's coon roasting in the oven."

"Coon! Good heavens! You surely don't intend to give any of it to Andrew. Coon is fatal to hookworm disease."

"Lordy! Lordy! Marsa Doctor, please don't say dat," pleaded Andrew, "I feel dem worms begging for coon right now."

"Not one bite, Andrew, not one bite. The cure for hookworm is to diet and take some pills I have here, and in this way we are able to detsroy the hookworm before it grows to any size."

"Marsa Doctor, will you done cept half dis coon? Done be too much for me and de kids, since Andrew can't have any," asked Sarah.

"I most certainly will. Coon of your cooking can not be beat."

Andrew looked on with tears in his eyes as Sarah selected half of the coon and placed it in a spotless basket for the young man.

"This is kind of you, Aunt Sarah, and I appreciate it. Andrew, it is too bad you can't have any, but better luck next season. Now," he continued, taking from his medicine case a large box, which was labeled with huge crossbones and skull in vivid red, and slowly opening it, revealed pills as large as a good sized walnut.

"Lordy, ye sholy don't spect me ter take dem big things in my inside!"

"Of course I do. They won't hurt you, Andrew—only the hookworm. You see the worms will hook around the pills and roll right out of your stomach, when they no longer find anything there to eat."

"But, Marsa Doctor, I can't swoller dem pills."

"They will go down all right, I shall see to that."

Maybe tain't hookworm dat's de matter, maybe it jist misery."

"It may be, Andrew. At any rate I shall leave the pills with Aunt Sarah and if she sees another attack coming on she can give them to you."

"Yes, sah, yes, sah, thankey, sah," answered Andrew very much subdued.

Andrew turned, after watching the doctor out of sight, to find Sarah with his old clothes in one hand and a hoe in the other, and a strange expression on her face.

Without a word he put on his clothes, took the hoe and went into the garden.

Sarah resumed her scrubbing and for the first time in many months her voice was raised in song.

There was something in the tones of her voice that was not

there before—a note that spoke of knowledge gained through heartache.

The glamor, the romance, the indefinable nameless something had gone out of her life forever, but much yet remained and she was making the best of it..

Andrew looked up from his work surprised. He suddenly realized that it was good to hear that voice again, and he fell to work with renewed energy and a tender light in his eyes, that had been absent from them for many selfish years.

Ada Mae Maple, '17.

——o——

The sun was setting in the golden west,
The Seniors were having an English test.
The time was short, the questions long;
The music class was singing a song,
Oh, horrors! what a day for an examination.

SOCIETY

On October 2d Greenfield people were filled with joy when they received word that the G. H. S. football team had won the game at Brownsburg. A celebration was planned, since this was the first time that the G. H. S. team had won a victory over Brownsburg. An informal dance and card party were given at the Columbia Hotel. The boys on the team were very tired, but all attended the celebration. The G. H. S. students and alumni had a most enjoyable evening.

On October 9th the G. H. S. football team defeated the Elwood team at Greenfield, so the students of G. H. S. gave a dance and card party for the Elwood visitors at the Columbia Hotel. A short program was given early in the evening. Speeches were made by members of the two teams and their managers. Many of the alumni were especially prominent during the latter part of the evening.

They exclaimed impatiently, "We had no time,"
And visions of report cards rose to their mind.
They handed their papers in at the desk,
And went out talking of the English test.
Someone closed the door with a sudden jerk.
No one can say that we Seniors shirk.

SOC
IETY

I

Come on and join the Seniors,
It's a spread not far away—
The grandest place on earth to end
What's been a trying day.

II

If you feel quite tired and weary,
Or perhaps a trifle sad,
Their joy is irresistible,
And soon again you're glad.

III

They go in crowds or couples—
Just a line of happy faces—
The faculty among them,
But they keep their proper places.

IV

Then if you get real thirsty,
Eating wienies toasted brown,
Just go across the hilltop,
To the other side, and down.

V

It's right there in the meadow,
Not quite ten whole rods away,
A spring—where cool, clear water
Trickles down both night and day.

VI

The fire is burning brightly,
And the moon is shining high;
Everything's ideal for Senior spreads.
Come quick or here's goodbye.

——o——

Junior Weinnie Roast

On the night of November 23d the Junior class went out to McIntire's woods for a good time. The boys built a large bonfire and cut long, forked sticks, upon which they roasted wienies and marshmallows. Coffee was made and a lunch of sandwiches, pickles, marshmallows and coffee was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

The crowd reached town in time to attend the last show at the *Why Not*. The chaperones were Miss Henley and Miss Nelson.

——o——

In Honor Of The Team

Early in the season three 6 o'clock dinners were given for the football team and their guests. October 4th Mr. and Mrs. John S. Loehr entertained; October 20th, Mr. and Mrs. John Collins, and October 22d, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Thomas. The evenings were spent in a genaral good time.

E. D.

Forum

The members of the Forum entertained a number of their guests with an open meeting at the public library, February 21st.

Dale Morton, the vice-president, acted as chairman. The subject of the debate given was, "Resolved, That the United State should adopt a policy of preparedness for war which will place her on an equal footing with the European nations." The affirmative was represented by Hiram Walker, Elizabeth Frost and Charles Tuttle, the negative by Avery Thomas, Gladys Robb and Horace Oldham. The decision was in favor of the affirmative side.

After the debate a social hour was enjoyed by the club and guests. The refreshments were orange ice and dark cake. The cakes were prepared by the domestic science classes.

E. D.

——o——

The Sophomore and Junior German clubs were entertained at the home of Miss Josephine Wilson on April 4th. A short program, consisting of German stories, jokes and songs, was given; after the program German games were played. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

Senior Junior Reception

The Senior class entertained the Jnior class and the faculty at the home of Robert Mason Friday evening, February 25th. The house was beautifully decorated. One room was artistically draped for the benefit of the faculty; another in the Senior colors for the coming faculty, and another in the Junior colors for the coming Seniors. A large basket of sweet peas made a charming table bouquet, and the lattice work of old gold and black, the high school colors, in the reception room, was very pretty.

The guests arrived about 8 o'clock. After a short social hour, Mr. Gerald Zike, a noted Senior, introduced the Hon. Professor Messer Alraganzo Jackson, who gave a most entertaining chalk talk. His cartoons of prominent members of high school were especially good. Mr. Harold Hufford next surprised us by introducing the future faculty, who were to hold a meeting in our very presence.

Everyone was discussed and their grades for the first five weeks determined.

After a grand march refreshments, carried out in the Senior colors, were served. The remainder of the evening was spent in games and dancing.

The reception committee was Robert Mason, Donald Hilt, Carol Hagans, Harold Hufford, Esther Hubig, Helen Morgan and Matilda Hafner.

Edith Duncan.

1916
CALENDAR
-D.A.KIGER-

CAMARADERIE

September 13.—

G. H. S. begins today,
Old customs have full sway.

Football practice begins with Coach Arnold in charge.

Sept. 14.—

Oh, the new names to learn!
Harney, Henley, Garrison, Trees,
Andrews, Dillion, Corcoran, Hayes;
McShane, Brandenberg and Larrabee,
This, you know, is our faculty.

Sept. 15. "Out to Old Aunt Mary's."

Sept. 16. Dramatic Club and all other clubs talked.

Sept. 17. Amateur photographers' experiment at noon. Material: One kodak, six students, and all who came in sight. Result: Some *fair* pictures.

Sept. 21. Football meeting to elect yell leaders. They are Hanes and Walker.

Sept. 22. Andrews has a new red tie.

Sept. 23. Senior Class meets to elect officers. Miss McShane is faculty manager.

Sept. 27. The Rev. Mr. Cates talked in opening exercise period. Football rally after supper.

Sept. 28. In a practice game with Charlottesville the home team won by a score of 42 to 0.

Sept. 9. Superintendent Larrabee made his annual talk, and it was not about "A Bundle of Sticks."

Sept. 30. Glee clubs organize.

Oct. 1. Doctor Lowe talked on "Disease Prevention."

Oct. 2. Brownsburg game. Greenfield won 15 to 7.

Oct. 4. Corr Service has had his hair cut!
The football fellows favor the school with some "short but sweet" speeches.

Oct. 5. The *Annual* Staff Committee is elected.
Senior colors go up for the first time.

Oct. 7. The school was entertained by a Riley program. The following persons took part: Gerald Zike, Harold Hufford and Mildred Duncan.
Mr. Harney offered Elizabeth Jackson his frat pin.

Oct. 8. Football rally. Everyone a guest at the *Why Not*.

Oct. 9. Greenfield defeated Elwood 19 to 0. The climax of a good time was the reception at the hotel.

Oct. 11. Ruth Furry took a nap on the piano stool at noon.

Oct. 12. Staff Committee met.

Oct. 14. Paul Strong declares his love for Lois Abbott in English class.

Oct. 15. Warren Mannon leads the yells at the football rally.

Oct. 16. Greenfield defeats Sheridan 3 to 0.

Oct. 18. Victrola records are presented to the school by some of the teachers.
Mr. Garrison thinks Nettie Jackson can do better studying in the office.

Oct. 19. Mr. Harney tries to murder the chemistry class with chlorine.

Oct. 20. Harry Weeder entertains the football team.
Carey Yelton has a date with "Chick" Morgan.
Freshmen have a picnic.

CAMARADERIE

Oct. 21. Mr. Andrews talks to the school on the "History of Indiana."
First staff meeting is held.

Oct. 22. Thomas's have a dinner for the team.

Oct. 23. The G. H. S. football team won an easy game at Noblesville, 60 to 0.

Oct. 24. John Loehr entertains the team.

Oct. 25. "I. W." Harper furnishes entertaining and classical(?) records for the victrola.

Oct. 26. Charley Chaplin hats 25c each at Johnson's drug store. This accounts for the great number of them seen around H. S.
Edith Duncan sings a solo.

Oct. 27. The Rev. M. S. Decker talks during opening exercise period.
The Seniors have a picnic in honor of two days' vacation.

Nov. 1. Mr. Larrabee's famous four-credit law has been passed, much against the will of the upperclassmen of G. H. S. The Juniors are responsible for it all.
A new teacher—Miss Nelson. Good luck, Corydon.

Nov. 2. May McIntire has a beau!
John Loehr becomes poetic in English class.
Miss McShane dropped a letter in the box addressed "City." I wonder what city?

Nov. 3. The Freshmen give a program at which Oaks Lineback is chairman. He reads an original poem:

"Though some of us may not be small,
And some of us may not be tall,
Yet there's sixty-five in all.
And between us we can prove
What the Freshman class can do."

Nov. 4. Song, "Bobolink" again.

Nov. 5. Floyd Mannon writes a good poem about his sweetheart.

Nov. 6. The Seniors have their first market.

Nov. 8. The football boys have charge of the *Why Not.*
Slumber party at Bob Spangler's.

Nov. 10. The Rev. W. Lindsay talks on "Choosing a Calling."
Paul Strong and Mr. Harney have a heated debate over the roofing of a house. Who for?

Nov. 11. Several of the football boys have gone to Chicago.
Mrs. Governor Ralston visits school.
Some Freshmen try to eat salted candy in the halls.

Nov. 12. The Juniors have a debate on the question of "Baseball on Sunday."
Josephine Wilson is all dressed up. Who's at De Pauw?

Nov. 13. If the football team did lose their game with East Chicago 20 to 6 they had a good time and are still receiving letters from the girls.

Nov. 15. Geneva Cotty fell upstairs.

Nov. 16. We sing a new song!

CAMARADERIE

Nov. 17. Mr. Larrabee talks on enthusiasm. The theme is "The Picture of My Best Girl."

Nov. 18. Mr. Montgomery talkes in opening exercise period.
Corydon Eaton receives a letter from East Chicago. It is written on pink, perfumed paper.

Nov. 19. Mr. Andrews announces that he saw at least two people talking last period!

Nov. 22. Mr. Andrews begins by making an announcement and ends by making a long speech. How unusual!

Nov. 23. Cora Jackson teaches the Freshmen English class.
The Senior class track team organizes with Donald Hilt captain.
A book agent at school causes some excitement, as he is thought to be the new Latin teacher.

Nov. 24. DePauw students visit school.

Nov. 25. The High School football team played the Independents and beat them by a small margin.

Nov. 29. The Class track teams organize.

Dec. 3. Annual Freak Day is celebrated. There seems to be an extra number of girls in the afternoon.
In the evening there is a debate on "Woman's Suffrags." The debaters are Dale Spencer, Floyd Mannon, Paul Rhoadarmer and Donald Hilt.

Dec. 6. Talk by the Rev. Maurice Barrett.

Dec. 7. The track men are practicing hard.

Dec. 13. During opening exercise period the Freshmen gave a part of "The Merchant of Venice."

Dec. Dec. 14. The cast for the Senior play is selected.

Dec. 15. Some more "Merchant of Venice." There are many visitors.

Dec. 16. Eva Knight fell down on the ice in front of the school building. Some crash!
Mr. Harney's absence causes more tests.

Dec. 17. Two weeks' vacation is announced.

Jan. 3. Mr. Larrabee celebrates the arrival of three new teachers—Mr. Karns, Miss Bowser and Miss Harlan—by an interesting speech.

Jan. 4. The Freshies are having a hard time to rearrange their programs.

Jan. 5. George Curry starts to leave at 3:15. Where were you last night, George?

Jan. 11. Floyd Mannon puts his arm around Irene Lowe in history class. Look out, Floyd! It's contagious.

Jan. 12. The physics class spent a whole period bending a a glass tube.
A hard rain drove many from their seats in the assembly room.

Jan. 17. As the building was very cold the first hour was spent in songs., a grand march, and other warm-up exercises.

Jan. 18. "Ichabod" Cook spent a whole nickel for candy, for the country girls.

Jan. 19. Bob Spangler has a new pair of shoes. Oh, the noise!

Jan. 24. The Seniors are practicing hard to get ready for their play.
Marjorie Hughes is present on time with a new dress.

CAMARADERIE

Jan. 25. The Senior play is given at the *Why Not* with a large crowd and great success.

Jan. 27. The Senior play was given a third time to accommodate those who had purchased tickets.

Jan. 2. The chemistry class make fudge the second period as Mr. Larrabee is present the first. The physics class make whiskey.

"Peg Wallop" fell out of his seat the second period.

Elizabeth Jackson went to sleep in English class and failed to make her customary attempt to recite.

The cast of the Senior play had their pictures taken.

Jan. 31. "Boost the *Annual*" program in opening exercise.

Mr. Garrison makes another famous speech after being duly escorted to the platform.

Feb. 1. The Freshies are all dressed up. I wonder why? They are going to have their pictures taken.

Russell Mullendore presented his class pin to Edith Duncan in the assembly room.

Dale Spencer nearly caused a calamity by attempting to hold Edith Parish's hand.

Feb. 2. Since the Freshmen survived the trial the Sophomores are going to have their pictures taken today.

Feb. 3. Pete Weeder bids farewell to the physics class in the middle of the period.

Paul Strong has a hair cut. You ought to see it!

Great disturbance in assembly room—Edith Duncan—live bug—short scream, etc.

Asa Goodwin distinguishes himself as a reader in English class.

Program in opening exercises, Cora Jackson, chairman.

Feb. 4. After school Kenneth Orr and Rosalie Deardorf were seen going east on Main street with a suit case. Congratulations! Dale Beggs could be seen about one block behind in swift pursuit. Consolations!

Feb. 7. Marie Boring is married. Marie is old enough to be a Junior.

There was a very quiet double wedding at Dale Morton's during the Forum meeting. The brides were Rosalie Deardorf and Harriet Strickland. The grooms were Dale Morton and Kenneth Orr. Alas! it was only a fake.

Feb. 8. James Larimore slides down the banister to remove chewing gum.

Herman Cook went to sleep the sixth period. Where was he last night?

Feb. 9. Rev. Hodson talked in opening exercise period.

Feb. 10. Fire in cloakroom—Gerald Zike's overcoat.

Herman Cook wears his father's shoes.

Feb. 11. Another special program, with Kathryn Curry chairman.

Dale Spencer has adopted a new gesture in public speaking.

Harold Hufford lost his constitution.

CAMARADERIE

Feb. 17. The Glee Club makes its first appearance.

Feb. 18. Debate on "Immigration" instead of a special program. The debaters were Dale Morton, Dorothy Bruner, John Oxer and Carol Hagans.

Feb. 21. About forty guests are present at the Forum debate at the library.

Feb. 22. Quarter-day vacation. See what a petition does!

Feb. 23. Tariff debate before the High School. The debaters are Harold Hufford, Gerald Zike, Donald Hilt, Dale Spencer, Floyd Mannon and Paul Rhoadarmer. This debate will be famous for the sarcasm by Mr. Spencer and fancy names by Mr. Hufford.

Mr. Harney comes back to see Miss Dillion.

Dramatic Club tryout.

Feb. 24. Seniors prepare for their reception.

Feb. 25. Reception at Mason's. It was attended by a large crowd and all had a good time. ffl

Special program in the morning.

Feb. 29. Mr. Andrews publicly welcomes William Singewald back to school.

Mar. 1. Everybody is present.

New program committees are announced.

Gladys Hall gets eloquent in civics.

Mar. 2. More fudge in Chem. Lab. The chemistry class has changed to a photography class.

Hot discussion in Public Speaking on "Jim Watson."

Baseball team organized with "Bud" Mannon as captain.

Mar. 3. Special program. Those taking part were Marjorie Binford, piano solo; Margaret Holbrook, reading; Mildred Duncan, reading; Florence Ponsler, violin.

Hoyet Lowe has a diamond tie pin, price 10 cents.

Mar. 6. Physics class visit the telephone office. Mr. Karns let Joe Walker and Gerald Zike flirt with the telephone girls on condition that they would not tell his wife that he was there.

Mar. 7. Staff meeting in the evening at the school building.

Mar. 8. Miss McShane assigns Seniors extra English work. Groans!!! Gerald Zike and Chester Harper play rum in class. We fear Zike will teach Chester bad habits.

Mar. 9. Violin music by Bernardine Towles.

Mar. 10. Primary debate for the State contest on "Municipal Home Rule." Those taking part were Carey Yelton, John Oxer, Dale Spencer and Robert Mason. Dale Spencer, first; Robert Mason, second.

Grace Gambrel has charge of the program in the morning.

Mar. 13. The spring weather persuades some to stay out of school.

A picture was taken in Miss Bowser's charge, but she blissfully studied on.

English classes have a vacation.

CAMARADERIE

Mar. 14. Winter coats are again in use, as snow is falling fast.

"West School Building Fund Committee" meets to fix a date for the entertainment.

Staff meeting at the library, during which some of the debaters demonstrate their ability.

Mar. 15. Some Freshmen girls get poetic and write good love poems.

Mar. 16. Junior class meeting—much spirit shown.

Mar. 17. Carol Hagans is chairman of the program. Those taking part were Edith Mealey, piano solo; Robert Blazier, recitation; Reta Trader, piano solo.

The Sophomore classes have a debate.

Edith Duncan crochets in Public Speaking.

Mar. 20. Paul Rhoadarmer recited for the first time in civics.

Mar. 21. Elizabeth Jackson, in civics, asked advice about her dog tax.

Irene Lowe went bicycle riding. Ask Harold Hufford who took her.

Mar. 22. Track teams make final arrangements for the track meet. The winter weather looks unfavorable.

Asa Goodwin went to Illinois to write for a marriage license. Who is the lucky one?

Mar. 24. Edith Duncan was chairman of the committee for the special program. All the numbers were very entertaining. Reader, Mrs. George Tindall.

Harriet Powell and Forest Mason visited school.

Track meet after school. The Seniors won by a good margin.

We will have a good team to take to Greensburg this year.

Mar. 27. Program for the benefit of the West building. Debate on "Preparedness" by Gerald Zike, Joe Walker, Robert Mason, John Oxer, Paul Strong and John Loehr. Dale Spencer and Paul Rhoadarmer delivered orations. Herman Jackson gave a chalk talk. The girls of the public speaking classes entertained the children with stories. The program was a success—$50.

Mar. 30. Robert Mason displays his domestic science knowledge in English by telling how to make candy.

Football fellows have their pictures taken for the *Annual*.

Mar. 31. Track men have their pictures taken.

Calendar goes to the revising board. We hope some of our work will be left as it is.

ROBERT L. MASON, JR.
VERA BURTON.

CAMARADERIE

The Cameraderie, the book of the senior class, express the true spirit of G. H. S. Good fellowship has been our motto in this work. We have forgotten all our differences and have worked together as one body. The superintendent, the factulty and the under classmerie have helped us and encouraged us in every way. We can not thank them enough. We also appreciate the support of the advertisers and subscribers. We leave this work with good will to all and promise to support and assist all future publications of G. H. S. in every way we can.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

JOKES
JOKES
JOKES
MISS M'S.

Now I lay me down to study;
I look not in my manual;
But, instead, I read that book—
The Ninteen Sixteen Annual.

Marjorie Hughes: Don't kid Gerald Zike about his mustache; I've rubbed it in often enough already.

Floyd M. (going to Milton class): Another forty minutes in hell.

Mr. Harney: Roland, what kind of a substance is this?

R. Lewis: A non-metallic metal.

Mr. Andrews: The colonists turned their wheat and corn

into rum and whiskey because they could carry it in that form easier.

Mr. Harney: Those who come tomorrow must have in mind what they don't know.

Grace G. (teaching German): Paul, I may make you and Corydon get into the waste basket if you don't behave.

Paul H. and Corydon E. (pointing to each other's feet): Too much feet.

Paul R.: Bob Mason says he isn't feeling well. Do you suppose he has diphtheria?

Corydon E.: I don't know, but he has blue pajamas.

Our favorite byword after the Senior play in January: "Oh, you'll do well here, all right."

Asa Goodwin (in history): Several of the men's clothes were just the same as not any clothes.

Mr. Garrison: Ten cents make a dime, ten dimes make a dollar, ten dollars make an eagle—

William Singewald: And ten eagles make a whole flock of 'em.

CAMARADERIE

Irene Lowe (hugging Max Zimmerman): I hate to put my arms around him, he's so little.

Josephine G. (talking about William Singewald): Oh, I just think he has the grandest eyes!

Miss Henley: Who was the hero of Waterloo?

Warren M.: Grant.

A ——— Story.

(Fill in the blanks with the same word, or some form of it.)

It was a —— night. The moon was shining bright. The cool breezes blew the scent of roses over the —— beneath the elm. Suddenly the moon smiled. The —— were talking —— to each other. No two —— had ever —— as these two ——. Soon the —— stopped their ——. The —— ran lightly before the breeze up to the porch. A —— old lady sat on the porch. By her sat her life partner. The —— seemed to ask them something. The dear old lady nodded and wept for joy. Her husband muttered something like "yes." Then the —— ran on before the breeze to the church. Soon the wind changed and seemed to blow the —— back to the house by the elm. There they stayed and the —— —— lived happily ever afterward near the —— elm.

N. B. The missing word is printed elsewhere in this department.

Freshies, Freshies, don't you cry;
You'll be Sophies by and by.
Sophies, Sophies, don't you crow,
You were Freshies once you know.

Edith Duncan: I am not going to teach school, so I guess I will take a course in cooking.

Mr. Harney: No, you didn't think that, you just thought you did.

Mr. Andrews (on January 3d): We are a year older now than we were two weeks ago.

Joe Walker: I don't get time to read any books.

Miss McShane: Well, you might do as I suggested a while ago: when you go visiting take your book along.

He smoked the deadly cigarette
Ever before he thought;

And now he's grown to be a man,
And so amounts to naught.

Mr. Andrews: Robert, what people would want a tariff on wool?

R. Mason: The wooleries.

Gerald Zike: His friends were in jail so he bailed them out.

CAMARADERIE

Elizabeth J.: I lost my little dog Bob!

John O.: Why don't you advertise for him?
E. J.: What's the use, he can't read?

Paul Hanes had just come out of a long delirium. "Where am I?" he said feebly, as he felt the touch of loving hands.
"Where am I?" In heaven?"
"No, dear," cooed Harriet, "I am still with you."

She stood six feet in the air;
Her head was encircled by a glare;
Although she was tall,
And Joe very small,
They made a swell-looking pair.

Iva Giles: I am going to "precipitate" in an entertainment in the country Friday.

Corr Service: Just had a fight with Paul Strong.
Dale Spencer: Who licked?
Corr S.: Why, I did. Who'dyspose?

"Mamma!" cried a little Freshman,
"Look! Here comes a speeder!
Helen Morgan's at the wheel,
And by her Harry Weeder."

Paul R.: I'd give anybody a chance to try to cut me out with Mildred Duncan.

Miss McShane: Bring your Wooley's to class.
Irene Lowe: What's she talking about, overcoats?

Mr. Karns: Helen, define kinetic energy.
Helen Morgan: Kinetic energy is-is-oh, I forget the last part of that.

Robert Spangler: I'm going to take a course in domestic science this half, so I won't have to get up in time to eat breakfast before I go to school.

Miss McShane: Warren, who is the most important character in "Merchant of Venice"?
Warren Cooper: Portia was the hero.

A little nerve,
A little force;
You're doing fine,
It could be worse;
Another step
You're at her side.
She says the word
And is your bride.

—*Ex.*

Some Short, Silly Sayings

If Marjorie Hughes ten trees a day how many can Johnny Loehr?

If he was to give us a dinner what would Corr Service?

If the Freshies were to hand in a composition what would Edward Wright?

If the high school building should burn would Ellen Parish?

Are Hiram Walker's favorite colors All-red?

If the Freshies began to cry would Robert Rock them to sleep?

Can you beat "Bottle" Eaton?

Miss Harlan (in English): Why did the Roman poets spend so much time at the Baths?

Mae McIntyre: Inspiration for poems.

Mr. Andrews: Why did France send another man over here, Floyd?

F. Mannon: Because his successor didn't succeed.

Popular Songs that some of the G. H. S. Students Sing

"Mildred, Dear, It's You I'm After."—Paul Rhoadarmer.
"I'm Looking for Someone's Heart."—Harry Weeder.
"I want to go back to East Chicago." Carey Yelton.
"The High Cost of Loving."—Joe Walker.
"It's Tulip Time in Shelbyville."—Edith Duncan.
"Back Home in Fountaintown."—Asa Goodwin.
"When You're Away." Lucile Walton.
"I've Been Floating Down the Old Green River."—Gerald Zike.
"What's the Use of Moonlight when You Haven't Got a Girl."—Harry Elliott.
"How I Miss You Since You Have Gone."—Miss Dillon.
"That Charley Chaplin Rag."—Norris Mullendore.
"The Watch on the Nile."—Lavonne Hamilton.
"Chatterbox Rag."—Elizabeth Jackson.
"Gee, You're a Lucky Guy."—Irene Lowe.
"Oh! You Great Beautiful Doll." Paul Hanes.

Mr. Andrews (talking about dates in history): Now, if I should ever ask any of you for a date and you should refuse to give it, don't feel discouraged. I'll try again.

Mr. Andrews: Irene, what was the capital of the First National Bank?

Irene Lowe: Philadelphia.

Is Robert a bricklayer? No, but he's a Mason.

Miss Harlan: When Burbo dies what becomes of Calenus?
Hiram W.: He goes with Burbo.

Edith Duncan (after Mr. Harney had given a five-minute explanation of a problem): Now please say that all over again.

Asa Goodwin (in history): The men's clothes were about the same as not any clothes.

Esther: I came through the kitchen, and guess what I saw on the supply table, girls?

The Kids: What was it?

Esther: Mr. Harney.

Flunk and the school is with you;
Dig and you dig alone.
The school sublime is in for a time
At anyone's cost but its own.

—*Ex.*

Carey Yelton to Helen Morgan: Am I going to take you home tonight?

Edith Mealy: I'm ashamed to enter the Latin class. I got only 96 on my last test.

Norris Mullendore (who was dancing with Marcia Hough): We'll soon have our picture in all the leading magazines.

Dale Spencer: Will that mercury evaporate?

Josephine G.: Say, Helen, did you see the monocle Harriet had?

Helen Reed: No. Which finger did she have it on?

Miss McShane (discussing collective nouns): Now, would you use fish or fishes—

Irene L.: If they're small they're fishes—

Miss McShane: And if they're large—

Floyd M.: They're whales.

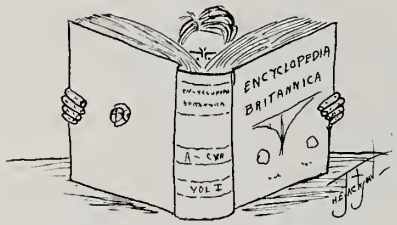
Miss McShane: Lois, have you taken any man's life?

Lois A.: Not yet. I want only one man's life.

CAMARADERIE

NOTICE JUNIORS: See Dale Morton for the correct address of the firm that publishes Junior Latin Ponies.

Irene Lowe (in English): Miss McShane, what is a heavy book?



"Bud" Mannon: The dictionary.

Mr. Andrews: What is the largest county in Indiana, Asa?
Asa Goodwin: Alabama county.

Mr. Andrews: If the president and vice-president both should die who would get the job?
Harry E.: I suppose the Secretary of State would.
Civics Student (aside): No, the undertaker would.

Man wants but little here below,
But yet it's safe to bet—
He wants a little more, you know,
Than he will ever get.

Ex.

If her friend rowed her across Brandywine would Mac Roback?

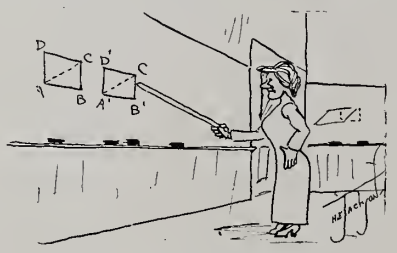
If she were queen who would Eva Knight?

Johnnie Walsh (coming up from firing the furnace): Oh, but it's hot down there!
Tressie Sexson: You'd better get used to it, Johnnie.

Miss McShane: Who was the hero of "Paradise Lost"?
Grace Gambrel: Lucifer.
Floyd Mannon: The devil he was.

Harriet Strickland (in geometry): Well, all of my sides are equal.

Horace Oldham said to me one day,
"Bessie is the girl of all the girls,
For she has so many charming ways
And such lovely, long and handsome curls."



Mr. Garrison (in geometry): Can you all see Opal's figure?

Miss Harlan: Why did the couple take the blind girl with them on their joy ride?

R. Jackson: For a chaperone, I suppose.

CAMARADERIE

Ode to the Freshmen——

Before Mr. Andrews's announcement that "Freshmen can not have their picture taken because the day's too dark."

On the thirty-first of January, 1916,
The G. H. S. assembly room is entered by Freshies cute and clean.
Each little lad is in his best,
Each little lassie is neatly dressed.
There is importance in each look.
Why? The Freshies are going to have their picture took.

AFTER.

On the thirty-first of January, 1916,
The little Freshies, cute and clean,
Gave a terrible gasp of dismay—
All the importance had gone away—
Why such a sorrowful look?
Why, the Freshies can't have their picture took.

TO THE FRESHMEN:

Don't cry, little ones, don't cry;
The sun will shine by and by;
The bright sun will down upon you look.
And then you may have your picture took.

—*Rosalie Deardorff.*

Sophomore: If you weren't a booster for the ANNUAL what would you be?

Freshman: I'd be ashamed of myself.

Herman Cook: Have you heard about the new poison?

Walter Spilker: No, what kind is it?

H. C.: Aeroplane poison.

W. S.: What on earth is that?

H. C.: One drop and you're dead.

Kathleen Mannon got to school on time and the next day it rained.

Dale Spencer (in English talking about melodrama characters): The servant girl is generally Irish but sometimes she is pretty.

The Seniors had a boosting campaign for the ANNUAL and the next week the members of the staff were nearly drowned with stuff for the ANNUAL.

CAMARADERIE

Irene Lowe (reading Prophecy in staff meeting): Elizabeth J. and John Oxer were married, etc.

Elizabeth Jackson: Oh, that's getting old by now.

Miss McShane: Did the minister say something about Saint Paul in his address this morning?

Floyd Mannon: I thought it was Buffalo, New York.

Mr. Andrews (in civics): Harold, you read Section 3.

Harold Hufford: I haven't got my constitution with me.

A Collection of Clever, Catching, Crazy Chestnuts.

Did Romeo know what Juliet?

Is Eva King?

Is Mildred Smart?

Who did Gladys Robb?

If Hugh Walker bought a new hat would Clarence Ware it?

Has Marjorie Bin(a)Ford?

If they were going to the same college would Beatrice Hayes Miss Dillon?

If Miss McShane said, "Hurry!" would Elmer Bussell?

Can you imagine—

Miss Bowser on roller skates?

Miss McShane alone?

Carey Yelton in vaudeville?

James Larimore a great singer?

Jess Bridges at church?

Joe Walker on a farm?

Oaks Lineback in long pants?

Chester Harper in tights?

Mr. Andrews: Suppose a stone should fall off the capitol and hit Paul Strong on the head and kill him.

Dale Spencer: No, it couldn't kill him, but it would break the stone.

Mae McIntyre: Instead of collecting money for the flower fund in the Junior class I think they ought to take up money to have the Junior boys shaved.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That your school life does no good;
For the boy who always slumbers
Could make it better if he would.

The answer to the "fill the blank" story in an earlier part of this department is the word "love."

Corr Service got his hair cut and the Duke announced that the Freshmen would have their pictures taken.

There ain't none left to pick from but homely ones and fat;
As I'm no homely guy myself Isurely won't take that.
Just girls and girls, but none fer me to pull their curls;
Aw shucks! Why should I worry then? —But I wish I had a girl.

—*Floyd Mannon, '16.*

Mr. Andrews: Harry, what other subject are you going to take?

H. Elliott: Music.

Mr. Andrews: We'll have singing every morning then.

The Question Box

Below are a few questions which none of our illustrious staff has yet been able to answer. So the reader will have to answer them for himself.

Why is Wynema Kight so fond of Leamons?

Why did Professor Larrabee select a married man for a science teacher?

Why is Whitie Mannon afraid of bricks?

Where was Herman Cook January 9, 1916, when he froze his ears?

Where did Mr. Karns get that black eye last February?

Where did Iva Giles get her new ring?

Why was Miss Dillon sad just after the holidays?

Mr. Andrews (in civics): Cordia Martin was not acquitted. He was in jeopardy all the time.

John Loehr: Say, where is that place?

Did Kathryn Curry the horse?

If Herman Cook wanted a love letter would Opal Wright it?

Why do Sparks fly when Avery Thomas goes up North State street?

If a wild man got loose in school would Clement Shackle him?

Lost.—A dog with brown eyes and black hair. Name is Hiram. Was dearer than anything else in the world. Finder please notify Mary Fletcher.

Nary A Girl

These Senior girls are numerous as the sands upon the shore;
They're different natured, different lookin', and soundin' too what's more;
Now I'm a sort o' bashful guy—least folks all tell me so,
And tease cause I ain't got a girl and say I'm awful slow.
But say it's awful hard to pick among these Senior girls,
They fly around and chatter till my head just spins and whirls.
You can't give me the boy-struck kind, who for a boy would fly,
'Cause as sure as I like her real well, she'd like another guy.
Then there's the one so bashful that she don't know what to do,
I guess we'd never "gee"—'cause I'm bashful, too,

Does Helen ever use powder?
She says "No," but her face talks louder
Don't she look swell?
Well, it's hard to tell,
But we couldn't get along without her.

She is fond of everything "New"
From a thirty-cent hat to a shoe;
But when Do comes along
And does something wrong
Poor Helen knows just what to do.

Miss Henley: Warren, where was the "Legend of Sleepy Holland" laid?
Warren M.: In Holland.
Miss Henley: Who was the author?
Warren M.: James Whitcomb Riley.

Vola Burkhardt (in cooking class): Say, do we have to scald this lard?

Miss Harlan: What is a cloudy messenger?
Lavonne Hamilton: A colored boy, I suppose.

Lee was small and pretty;
She only knew one ditty.
"The Watch on the Nile,"
Sang in her style;
'Twas the sweetest song in the city.

Mr. Andrews: Sometimes the sergeant-at-arms would turn the clock of the hands back.

Robert Mason (to Harriet S. and Oaks L.): May I walk down the street with you?
Oaks L.: Yes, she's big enough to share.

Mr. Andrews: Harry, what success did Brock have in the war?
H. Elliott: Why, he was killed.

Edith Duncan wore a pair of white shoes to school one day and the next day it snowed.

"JOHNNY"

Here's to Johnny—always your friend
With an answering smile when there's money to lend.
Who sweeps up the paper—so carelessly scattered,
And dumps the waste baskets—so cruelly battered.
From the cold winter's dawn—to the end of the day
He's at the old furnace a punchin' away.
From the 8th of September till the 1st day of June
You can hear on the stair steps the swish of his broom
As he sweeps out the dust, and the rust and the sod
Left there by our feet when we wearily plod.
So take you his lesson to heart, so that we
May be ever as jolly and faithful as he.

Harriet S.: I dreamed of the Pilgrims last night.
Paul Hanes: Why, did you think I am a Pilgrim?

Oaks L.: Well, I was skating with Miss Bowser and she fell and I caught her and held her up.
William D.: It's a wonder you're living this morning.

Miss Corcoran: Marie, you may translate the next.
Marie Sitton (translating): By the heavens save me.

Miss Corcoran: Merle, what is the Latin word for village?
Merle Kennedy: We cuss (vicus).

Mr. Andrews: What holidays do the banks close on?
Nile Eaton: On Sundays.
Ivan Furry: No, on Easter.

The Freshman's Alphabet

Here's the A, B, Cs of the Freshman class,
Which you all must know in order to pass.

A stands for Algebra, and you'll admit
That for the Freshman it sure seems best fit.

B stands for Books, pocket classics and such,
About which you must know ever so much.

C stands for Cooking, which you will soon take;
Then all those good foodstuffs you'll learn to make.

D's for Diploma, a piece of sheepskin.
It takes 32 credits if this you would win.

E stands for English, a subject much read;
It takes much study to stand at the head.

F stands for Freshman, about whom I write,
Who strive to do their best with all their might.

G stands for Greenfield, the place where you go
To learn all the things that you ought to know.

H stands for History, ancient and new;
I like it very much, and so will you.

I stands for myself, the one, if you please,
Who has written for you these A, B, Cs.

J stands for Juniors, the Class Number Three;
Now, in two more years, bright Juniors you'll be.

K stands for Kitchen, the room down below,
Where one learns all about cooking, you know.

L stands for Latinn, a study quite dear
To all those students who take it three years.

M stands for Music, victrola and song,
Which you have to endure the whole year long.

N stands for Nothing. If you're of that class,
And always do nothing, you'll never pass.

O stands for Office, and all of you know
That is where all of the bad pupils go.

P stands for Physics, a science what am;
It deals with kilowatt, meter and gram.

Q stands for Quick, which you all must confess
You must be if you come to old G. H. S.

R's for Report-Card, which you will receive
When from this old school you take your leave.

S stands for Seniors, so happy and gay,
They never do work but can always play.

T stands for Talent, and surely you'll need
To know how to use it if you would succeed.

U stands for Us, who labor on the staff
To make you students smile broadly and laugh.

V's for Victrola, which we have up here
To bring us happiness, sunshine and cheer.

W stands for Walsh, our janitor so kind,
Who keeps us so warm when loud blows the wind.

X, Y and Z are unknown quantities;
If you study hard they're mastered with ease

—*Herman Jackson, '16.*

ALUMNI

ALUMNI

We deemed it necessary to dedicate a small place in our annual to those who have gone before us and to whom we are very much indebted. Those we know best claim our attention first. We have seen them graduate and have followed them in their work:

Class of 1913

Charles Arnold, "Tubby," is going to Dental College.
Burwell Barr, "Bub," is married and is working at the Eli Lilly plant.
Earl Beckner has been taking music for several years and has become an excellent pianist.
Nelson Black, "Doc," took a course of tree surgery at Purdue and is now working at Indianapolis.
Herma Bohm took a course at Central Business College, and is now a stenographer and typist.
John Burke is now at school at DePauw.
Russel Comstock, "Doc," is studying law.
Urith Dailey is in Butler College.
Ione Fischer is in Charlestown, Va., visiting her father.
Margaret Floyd is working at Mitchell's printing office.
Malcolm Hancock went to business college, but has been very sick lately. He is now in the Rockville Sanitarium.
Ermie Haydock is back to his native soil—farming.
Ruth Hilt is now in Butler College.
Jeanette Kight is cashier in C. Williams' store.
Rhea Kinder is married, practicing domestic science. Her name is Mrs. Fred Thomas.
Elizabeth McCole, "Jib," is studying music at the Metropolitan School of Music.
Josephine McGuire is devoting her time to "home study."
Anna McKown has been going to school at Moores Hill.
Lillian Moran is staying at home.
Louis Morehead, "Lute," is attending Purdue.
Richard Morgan, "Dick," is attending Purdue.
Robert Mulvihill, "Bob," is a haberdasher.
Walter Neuman is on the farm.
Letty Pratt is staying at home.
Laura Ann Reed, "Sis," is attending Butler College.
Lowell Smart, "Smarty," is in business with his father.
Mabel Stanley is taking a course in Central Business College.
Russel Stuart is attending Indiana University.
Katie Teel is a proofreader at Mitchell's.
Louise Thayer, "Skeet," went to Western two years and is now at home.
Mabel Toles is working at Mitchell's printing office.
Mary Wilson is staying at home.

Class of 1914

Hazel Burton is married. Her name is Mrs. A. M. Haines.
Ruth Amick has a position at the Eli Lilly plant.
Nial Blue went to Butler, but is now at Danville.
Beatrice Beckner, "Bee," works at Lilly's.
Hugh Amick, "Dutch," is attending Indiana University.
Alice Elliott went to Indiana University.
Dorothy Cook is attending DePauw, making "S" grades.
Florence Fritch is taking a music course at DePauw.
Eloise Cooper attended Earlham, but is now at home.
Ralph Bruner attended Earlham, but now has a position at Indianapolis.
Lucile Ging is teaching school at Bunker Hill school house.
Marguerite Gorman attended business college, and now has a position at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home at Knightstown.
Frances Groff is attending Butler College.
Sheldon Cooper went to Earlham, but is now at Chicago.
Rosalind Gant is attending DePauw.
Marie Grose is at home.
Draper McCrea is taking an electrical engineering course at Purdue.

CAMARADERIE

Edna Jackson is taking music training at the Conservatory of Music.
Lena Hivnor is attending Earlham College.
Martha Kirkpatrick is attending Earlham College.
Pearl Hendren is working at Mitchell's.
Miner Pugh attended Butler College.
Ida Belle Hawkins is staying at home.
Oliva Moore is taking at course in art at Terre Haute.
Marie Latshaw attended business college, and is now a stenographer and typist.
Lucile Shumway is working at the telephone exchange.
Grace Shumway is staying at home and is a seamstress.
Freda Kirkpatrick is taking a course in music at Earlham.
Lowell Toms is attending DePauw.
Mildred Sparks is staying at home.
Nora Page attended normal, but is now at home.
Lois Ramsey is married. Her name is Mrs. Paul Faurot.
Ruby Rafferty was married. Her name was Mrs. Artie Breece. Now deceased.
Clarence White is taking a course in chemical engineering at Purdue.
Pauline Riffe is married. Her name is Mrs. A. W. Crews, Thurmond, W. Va.

Class of 1915

Virginia Cooper, "Tim," is attending Western, and all the social affairs at Oxford.
Clara Bohm has become an expert China painter. Let us hope for her success.
Renzie Jefferies, "Cannon Ball," is clerking in Vaughn's grocery.
John Julian, "Elmer," is working at the Eli Lilly plant at Indianapolis.
Robert Sparks, "Bob," is working at Furry's Bakery.
Harry Koin is general manager of the Star Store.
Angie Leary has been sick, but is improving.
Gertrude Vaughns is taking a special course in English at DePauw.
Ralph Winslow, "Winnie," is attending Indiana University.
Carl Stoner is attending Purdue.
Raymond Jefferies, "Bud," is working with his father.
Nina Roback is in partnership with Clara Bohm, painting China.
Naomi Tapscott, "Tappy," is teaching school at Boyd's school house.
John Walker, the dignified president of 1915, is at Purdue.
Hazel Wood is teaching school at Cowden school house.
Josephine Wilson said she graduated last year but came back to advise the new teachers.

We have with us this year the following students who are taking a post-graduate course: Grace Gambrel, Olive Haines, Audrey Miller, Josephine Willson and Margaret Morehead. This shows that our school is a hard place to leave, even if you have received your piece of sheepskin. There are always some who spend their time in their mothers' kitchens elarning the fine art of cooking. Among these are: Edith Abbott, Hester Garriott, Electa Walker, Anna Yelton and Lavoine Smart.

Forest Mason is making "S" grades at DePauw this year.
Freda Miller is at Mitchell's printing office.
Edith Daily is attending Butler.
Anna Kimpel went to Miss Blaker's, and is now teaching school at Gem.
Meridith Mayfield went to Hanover College last summer and is teaching school this winter in Washington county.
Irene Merida is married. Her name is Mrs. James Porter.
Willard Lowe is at home "down on the farm".
Louise Fort has a position at Berlin Dieter's Electrical Shop.
Oscar Williman is attending Indiana.

Alumni Greenfield High School, 1879-1916.

A

Abbott, Edith Byron, '15.
Adams, Jessie (Baldwin), '02.
Adams, Mary, '94.
Adams, Nellie, '85.
Albea, William Earl, '08.
Amick, Florence Amelia, '07.
Amick, Helena, '04.
Amick, Hazel Dean, '09.
Amick, Ruth, '14.
Amick, Hugh, '14.
Anderson, Grace, '00.
Anderson, Loran, '05.
Arnhalt, Guy, '06.
Arnold, Dora, '10.
Arnold, Ralph, '11.
Arnold, Charles, '13.
Ashcraft, George, '02.
Atherton, W. C., '81.
Atherton, Albert, '83.
Athington, Flora Brown, '98.
Ayres, Grace Bourne, '09.

B

Baldwin, Margaret, '95.
Baldwin, Vernie, '98.
Baldwin, Nelle, '00.
Baity, Bess (Boyd), '07.
Barnard, Harry, '04.
Barnard, William A., '11.
Bardonner, Lettie L., '06.
Barr, Jennie L., '93.
Barr, Clarence Heizer, '07.
Barr, Katie (Boots), '12.
Barr, Burwell, '14.
Barrett, Ida (Steel), '92.
Barrett, Harvey, '00.
Beckner, Earl, '13.
Beckner, Beatrice, '14.
Beecher, Thomas, '99.
Beeson, Arthur, '00.
Beeson, A. L., '03.
Beeson, Ellis, '07.
Beeson, Ralph Everett, '09.
Bently, Mary, '03.
Bently, Robert (deceased), '12.
Bently, Mary (Binford), '05.
Berkibile, Elsie (Barrett), '00.
Binford, Edgar A. (deceased), '93.
Binford, Oriel, '95.
Binford, Delmar, '97.
Binford, Robert J., '97.
Binford, Paul, '98.
Binford, Earl, '99.
Binford, Homer, '01.
Binford, Leona (Jackson), '03.
Binford, Frank, '04.
Binford, Mary, '05.
Binford, Lena (Hamilton), '05.
Binford, Leona, '06.
Binford, John C., '10.
Binford, Letta, '10.
Binford, Lenia, '12.
Black, Walter, '01.
Black, James, '03.
Black, Fanny Margaret, '08.
Black, Nelson, '13.
Blue, Nile, '14.
Bohm, Herma, '13.
Bohm, Clara, '15.
Bogardus, Lois, '06.
Bond, Woods Vinnie, '92.
Bond, Dora (Binford), '98.
Boone, Frank, '04.
Boone, Augusta (Weber), '04.
Boone, Charles, '06.
Boone, Bernice, '12.
Boots, Austin P., '90.
Boring, Bess (Boyd), '07.
Boring, Earl, '08.
Bottsford, Marian Paul, '09.
Bourne, Ella, '86.
Boyd, Maggie (Pitts), '89.
Boyd, Walter K., '97.
Boyd, Iniz Winn, '02.
Bragg, Robert E., '83.
Bragg, Bertha (Justice), '03.
Bragg, Raymond, '03.
Brand, Carl F., '10.
Breece, Ruth (Rafferty), (deceased), '14.
Bidgood, Fred O., '02.
Bidgood, Elizabeth, '02.
Brooks, Madge Nolan (deceased), '91.
Brooks, Stella (Thompson), '04.
Brown, Mattie (deceased), '89.
Brown, Sadie, '89.
Brown, Mary (Duncan), '92.
Brown, Ada, '04.
Brown, Joseph A., '06.
Brown, Mary (Elliott), '09.
Brown, John, '11.
Bruner, Herbert, '06.
Bruner, John Philip (deceased), '07.
Bruner, Ralph, '14.
Boice, Lois, '11.
Burk, Margaret (Martin), '98.
Burk, Mary (Slusser), '07.
Burk, Francis, '10.
Burk, John, '13.
Bussel, Bessie (Peakins), '04.
Bussel, Elmer, '05.
Bussel, Stella, '07.
Butler, Edna, '03.
Butler, Lena, '06.
Butler, Pearl, '09.

C

Caldwell, Carroll, '99.
Caldwell, George, '00.
Caldwell, Theodore, '01.
Caraway, Lucile (Comstock), '94.
Carpenter, Lillian, '04.
Carlton, Marshall, '06.
Casey, Ethel, '08.
Cates, Mary (Duncan), '01.
Catt, Lamerl, '06.
Cherry, Julia (Walkins), '87.
Cherry, Neva (Abbott), '02.
Chittich, Neva (Pilkenton), '01.
Cleary, James, '03.
Cleary, Fannie (Moulden), '92.
Cleveland, Bessie (Walton), '10.
Cleff, Ethel, '00.
Cline, Jessie (Scott), '97.
Cline, Lula, '11.
Choate, Emmett, '10.
Coffield, Rhoda, '97.
Coffield, Mabel, '06.
Coffin, Charles, '02.
Coffey, Bert, '03.
Colestock, Amelia, '04.
Collyer, Pearl, '03.
Comstock, Will, '00.
Comstock, Russell, '13.
Conwell, Helen, '11.
Cook, Charles, '98.
Cook, Dorothy, '14.
Cooper, George H., '79.
Cooper, Ninie (Black), (deceased), '85.
Cooper, Dorea (Reedy), '93.

Cooper, DeWitt Clinton, '08.
Cooper, Gertrude, '10.
Cooper, Berry Willis, '11.
Cooper, Sheldon, '14.
Cooper, Eloise, '14.
Cooper, Virginia, '15.
Cotton, Lois (Cooper), '08.
Cox, Myrtle (Smith), '91.
Crider, Arthur Peter, '04.
Curtis, Nelle, '01.
Curry, Elizabeth, '08.
Curry, Hazel (Scott), '10.

D

Daily, Urith, '13.
Daily, Edith, '15.
Davey, Lida (Flippo), '82.
Davis, Melva Butler, '04.
Davis, Horatio, '04.
Davis, Claudia (Teel), '04.
Davis, Hazel, '06.
Denny, Raymond, '07.
Derry, Jennie (Hawk), '03.
Derry, Ed. H. (deceased), '85.
Downing, Arthur, '98.
Downing, Lucile, '12.
Duncan, Clare, '93.
Duncan, Clay, '97
Duncan, Baily, '01.
Duncan, Chaunccy, '03.

E

Eagan, Harry, '05.
Eagan, Ethel, '08.
Eagan, Catherine (Cooper), '12.
Early, Lena (Givinn), (deceased), '80.
Easter, Allen, '08.
Edward, Scott, '09
Ehlert, Virginia (Morton), '01.
Elliott, Will, '04.
Elliott, Naomi, '12.
Elliott, Alice, '14.
Ellis, Mabel (Rouyer), '96.
Ellis, Otis, '99.
Ellis, Rachel, '99.
Ellis, Kate (Selman), '00.
Ellison, Robert S., '93.

F

Farmer, Mary (Kyser), '09.
Farout; Anna (Hoel), '93.
Felt, Mabel (Melccnna), '98.
Fisher, Ferd, '96.
Fisher, Ione, '13.
Fisk, Ralph, '10.
Fitz, Will, '00.
Floyd, Benjamin, '11.
Floyd, Margaret, '13.
Foley, Lodena (Patterson), '92.
Fort, Agnes, '03.
Fort, Ruth, '06.
Fort, Louise, '15.
Fort, Beatrice, '15.
Foster, Lester, '10.
Foxworthy, Mary (Garrison), '01.
Frances, Marie, '06.
French, Martha (Binford), '97.
Fritch, Florence, '14.
Frost, Albert (dceceased), '90.
Frost, Luther, '93.
Frost, Earl, '01.
Frost, Marvel, '12.

G

Galbreath, Marie, '10.
Gambrel, Bertha (deceased), '99.
Gambrel, Grace, '15.
Gant, Linna (Banks), '81.
Gant, Fellice (Bragg), '84.
Gant, John (deceased), '91.
Gant, Mabel (Banks), '07.
Gant, Rosalind, '14.
Gardner, Lulu (Catt), '07.
Garriott, Lawrence Earl, '07.
Garriott, Rosa, '12.
Garriott, Hester, '15.
Geary, Ida, '79.
George, Jessie (Collier), '97.
Gilgrist, Crissie, '80.
Ging, Waldo, '10.
Ging, Myla, '11.
Ging, Lucille, '14.
Glascock, Alice, '84.
Glascock, Edwin, '92.
Glascock, Von, '03.
Goble, James N., '81.
Goble, Viola Ham, '96.
Goble, Hugh, '07.
Goble, Ruth, '09.
Goble, Helen (Haller), '09.
Goble, Lillian, '10.
Goble, Bruce, '12.
Goodpasture, Nelle (Hoel), '90.
Gorman, Marguerite, '14.
Green, Helen (Gant), '12.
Griffin, Charles S., '07.
Griffith, Harley, '11.
Grifford, Lester, '05.
Groff, Frances, '14.

H

Hagans, John, '01.
Hagans, Wilbur, '05.
Hagans, Ethel (Burk), '07.
Ham, Guinevere, '09.
Hall, Kenneth, '12.
Hains, Hazel (Burton), '14.
Hains, Olive, '15.
Hamilton, Gladys, '05.
Hamilton, Anna Pearl, '09.
Hamilton, Walter Ray, '06.
Hancock, Malcolm, '13.
Hanna, Mary, '06.
Hardshell, Arthur, '99.

Harlan, Ethel, '99.
Harlan, George, '01.
Harlan, Bertha (Souder), (deceased), '02.
Harris, Lizzie, '82.
Hasting, Lena (Marts), (deceased), '87.
Hasting, Albert '01.
Hathaway, Lillian (Curry), '10.
Hauck, Claude A., '94.
Hauck, Ethel (Baldwin), '96.
Havens, Ray, '01.
Havens, Clara (Hagans), '03.
Harvey, Ethel Mae, '04.
Hawk, Chester L., '06.
Hawkens, Bell, '14.
Haydock, Nellie (Grose), '10.
Haydock, Ermil, '13.
Henby, Elijah, '92.
Henby, Nora, '97.
Henby, Abbie, '03.
Hendren, Pearl, '14.
Hendricks, Pearl (Huston), '12.
Henley, Ora Dill, '92.
Henley, Forest M., '06.
Hiday, Nannie (Hagans), '09.
Hilt, Pearl, '10.
Hilt, Ruth, '13.
Hivnor, Leva, '14.
Hinkson, Florence (Grose), '93.
Hoard, Caroline (Kinsley), '03.
Hodgson, Lydia (Morris), '97.
Hafner, Kresling, '99.
Hook, Seth M. (deceased), '93.
Hook, Eugene, '96.
Hough, Wm. A., '84.
Hough, Ella (Marsh), '91.
Howard, Carda, '12.
Howe, Elizabeth (Poulson), '98.
Hughes, Samuel, '02.
Hughes, Marie (Pilkenton), '03.
Hughes, Mary C. (Bragg), '09.
Hughes, Isabelle, '12.
Hufford, Clarence, '06.
Hunt, Emory, '94.
Hunt, Allie (Long), '96.
Hunter, Martha (Johnson), '04.
Hurley, Blanche (Haywood), '96.
Hutchinson, Bessie, '91.
Hutchinson, Charles, '05.

I

Iliff, Maude, '03.

J

Jackson, Ellis (Rock), '01.
Jackson, Jennie, '04.
Jackson, Virgil, '04.
Jackson, Edna, '14.
Jeffries, Addie (deceased), '91.
Jeffries, Roy Lee, '07.
Jeffries, Renzie, '15.
Jeffries, Raymond, '15.
Jessup, Neva, '92.
Jessup, Lenora, '92.
Jessup, Henry R., '07.
Johnson, Kate (Griffin), '96.
Johnson, Peter, '97.
Jones, Bonnye, '05.
Jones, Lyla, '10.
Julian, John, '15.
Justice, Lee, '02.
Justice, Alma, '10.

K

Kellar, Rosa Rains, '83.
Kerns, Mabel (Boyd), '00.
Kight, Jeanette, '13.
Kingsburg, Minnie (Hughes), '92.
Kinder, Lawrence, '09.
Kinder, Hilda, '11.
Kinsley, Nellie, '07.
Kitterman, Martha Ann, '08.
Kirkpatrick, Freda, '14.
Kirkpatrick, Martha, '14.
Knight, Bernard Orlando, '08.
Koin, Harry, '15.
Kimbel, Anna, '15.

L

Larimore, Joseph, '04.
Latshaw, Marie, '14.
Leary, Lovell, '12.
Leary, Angie, '15.
Lee, Lottie (Millikan), '92.
Leech, Lulu (Curry), '01.
Liek, Laura (Black), '06.
Leonard, Guy, '07.
Leslie, John, '04.
Leslie, Frank, '06.
Lewark, Nettie (Duncan), '94.
Lichliter, Gertrude (Larimore), '96.
Liedel, Martha (Owens), '01.
Lindley, Dora (Gant), '86.
Lineback, T. J., '91.
Love, Nellie, '85.
Lowe, Willard, '15.
Lwelry, Mollie (Young), '92.
Lyles, Lillian (New), '06.
Lyna, George Samuel, '97.

M

Macy, Joseph Howard, '09.
Maple, Hazel Fern (deceased), '09.
Mason, Lillie (Dennis), '89.
Mason, Forest, '15.
Marsh, Mabel (deceased), '99.
Marsh, Fern, '00.
Marsh, Frank F., '02.
Marsh, Fannie, '05.
Martin, Robert E., '93.
Martin, Stella, '03.
Martin, Earl, '05.
Martin, Nelle Mae, '08.
Martindale, Horace, '00.
Martindale, Anna, '11.

Matthews, Nema (Souder), '96.
Matthews, Gertrude (Bartlow), '99.
Mayfield, Meridith, '15.
McCausland, Hattie (Rains), '86.
McClarnon, Clay, '04.
McCole, Elizabeth, '13.
McCutcheon, Florence (Binford), '06.
McDonald, Gertrude, '08.
McGaughey, Helen (Downing), '99.
McGuire, Josephine, '13.
McKee, Laura, '84.
McKown, Anna, '13.
McIndoo, Grace (Morris), '99.
Meek, Belle (Lowe), '90.
Merlott, Carrie (Rottman), '98.
Miller, Freda, '15.
Millikan, Richard, '11.
Minney, Ruby (Martin), '91.
Mints, William, '05.
Mitchell, Samuel (deceased), '79.
Mitchell, Thomas H., '80.
Mitchell, Eliza, '84.
Mitchell, John F., Jr., '01.
Mitchell, Elsie (Davis), '09.
Monger, Herbert, '09.
Monger, Naomi (Goble), '10.
Montgomery, Mary, '08.
Moody, Lloyd, '04.
Moore, Josie (Tague), '81.
Moore, Ed., '00.
Moore, Leota (Teel), '07.
Moore, Olivia, '14.
Moran, Lillian, '13.
Morehead, Louis, '13.
Morehead, Margaret, '15.
Morgan, Richard, '13.
Morford, Vickie (Wilson), '81.
Morris, Frances (Derry), '83.
Morris, Bert F., '93.
Morrison, Clyde, '09.
Morrison, Hubert, '11.
Morton, Kate, '02.
Moulden, Mabel (Wood), '01.
Moxley, Mae, '10.
Mulvihill, Charles, '09.
Mulvihill, Robert, '13.
Murphey, Gertrude, '02.
Murphey, Chester, '04.
Murphy, Mabel (Gant), '07.
Murray, Lucy M. (Hughes), '10.
Myers, Walter R., '06.
Moore, Anna (Garrison), '02.

N

Neal, Marcellus, '90.
New, Asa M. (deceased), '82.
New, Tillie, '84.
New, Charles (deceased), '96.
New, Paul, '04.
New, Genevieve, '08.
Newman, Walter, '13.

O

Offutt, Clara, '92.
Offutt, Fannie, '97.
Offutt, Nell (Reed), '07.
Ogg, Paul, '12.
Oldham, William, '06.
Orders, Clatie, '96.
Oren, Emma, '93.
Orr, Bertha, '08.
Orr, Raymond, '10.
Oxer, Van Tuyl, '11.

P

Page, Henry (deceased), '12.
Page, Nora, '14.
Pascoe, Flossie (Robb), '12.
Parish, Vashia (Heims), '03.
Patterson, Wilbur, '00.
Pavey, Mary, '05.
Pavey, Jesse, '08.
Pavey, Lena, '09.
Pentland, Belle, '89.
Pentland, Roscoe, '04.
Perry, Lizzie (Williams), '86.
Pierce, Zula (Rock), '00.
Pierce, Paul, '09.
Platt, Blonda (Johnson), '03.
Polen, Maggie (Goble), '89.
Pope, Orville, '01.
Porter, Maude (Fry), '01.
Porter, Irene (Merida), '15.
Poulson, James, '01.
Poulson, Lena (Walker), '04.
Poulson, Edith, '05.
Powers, Harvey, '02.
Powers, Oscar, '05.
Pratt, Dora (Ogg), '87.
Pratt, Letty, '13.
Pugh, Miner, '14.
Pusey, Catherine, '07.

Q

Quigley, E. F., '99.
Quigley, Mary Rose, '06.
Quigley, Joseph, '10.

R

Radcliffe, Inez (Martin), '92.
Rafferty, Laura (New), '87.
Rafferty, Rex, '12.
Ramsey, George B., '10.
Rasener, Della, '10.
Rash, Anna (Wortman), '99.
Rash, Harry, '12.
Reddick, Ruth (Seicrest), '01.
Reddick, Wain, '03.
Reed, Laura (Pope), '79.
Reed, Effie Juanita, '09.
Reed, Laura Ann, '13.
Reedy, H. Guy, '07.
Reedy, Opal, '10.
Rees, Hazel Dell, '08.

Reeves, May (Griffith), '82.
Reeves, Letha Pauline, '07.
Reeves, Hazel Fern, '08.
Rhoadarmer, Mamie, '93.
Rhue, John A., '93.
Rhue, Harvey, '03.
Rhue, Eva (Goble), '07.
Rhuschaupt, Nettie (Bardonner), '06.
Richey, Theodore, '99.
Richie, Jessie (Mints), '05.
Richie, Carl, '08.
Robb, Eldon, '92.
Roberts, Grace (Trembley), '93.
Roberts, John, '03.
Robinson, Amelia (Branham), '01.
Rochford, Josie (Heffernan), '85.
Rock, Rosalie (Davis), '97.
Ross, Nora (Martin), (deceased), '87.
Rushen, Fred, '02.
Rushen, Melvin, '04.
Rynerson, Clara, '03.
Rynerson, Bess, '06.
Riffe, Leta (Abbott), '09.

S

Saint, Daisy, '05.
Sample, Earl, '94.
Sample, Mary, '04.
Sample, Walter M., '07.
Saxon, Guerney, '94.
Schillings, Hazel (Loehr), '08.
Schramn, Ida Belle, '08.
Scott, Leroy, '92.
Scott, John M., '94.
Scott, Edgar, '04.
Scott, Price, '07.
Scotten, Edgar, '95.
Scotten, Chauncey, '06.
Seicrest, Lena, '01.
Shannon, Jessie (Hamilton), '85.
Shelby, Claude, '04.
Shumway, Lucile.
Shumway, Grace, '14.
Sherry, John H., '06.
Slaughter, William (deceased), '02.
Slifer, Gordie, '96.
Slifer, Harry Segar, '07.
Simmons, Luella, '09.
Sipe, Frank, '09.
Smart, Lowell, '13.
Smart, Lavonne, '15.
Smith, Dora (Wilkins), (deceased), '82.
Smith, Addie (deceased), '87.
Smith, Chesteen, '89.
Smith, Gus, '96.
Smith, Charles (deceased), '04.
Smith, Ray, '05.
Smith, Merlie O., '06.
Smith, Herschell, '08.
Smith, Hallie, '10.
Sparks, Robert, '15.
Spencer, Viola (Banks), '82.
Spurry, Harley, '02.
Snider, Jesse N., '09.
Snodgrass, James H., '06.
Snodgrass, Carl, '10.
Souder, Hugh, '00.
Souders, John, '01.
Souder, Nellie (Brooks), '10.
Staley, Joseph, '09.
Stanley, Hazel LaVone, '07.
Stanley, Mabel, '13.
Stant, Pearl, '03.
Steele, Ed., '96.
Stephens, Selma, '02.
Stewart, Harry Roscoe, '07.
Stone, Ruth, '00.
Stoner, Walter, '96.
Stoner, Karl, '15.
Stretcher, Jennie (Card), (deceased), '01.
Strickland, Harry, '84.
Strickland Nettie (Williams), '85.
Strickland, Clarence, '98.
Strickland, Grace (Goble), '01.
Strickland, Russell H., '10.
Stringer, Helen, '12.
Stuart, Russell, '13.
Suess, George, '99.
Swisher, Rosa (Stephens), '90.

T

Tague, Albert, '92.
Tapscott, Marie (Justice), '11.
Tapscott, Ralph, '12.
Tapscott, Naomi, '15.
Teel, Gladys Anna, '11.
Teel, Katie, '13.
Templeton, Adelle (Howard), '98.
Tharp, Charley, '91.
Thayer, E. P., Jr., '82.
Thayer, Bess (Walker), '04.
Thayer, Louise, '13.
Thomas, Mary (Sivey), '95.
Thomas, Harriet (Sivey), '98.
Thomas, Freeman (deceased), '99.
Thomas, Maude, '00.
Thomas, Clarence, '02.
Thomas, Roscoe, '02.
Thomas, Earl M., '06.
Thomas, Fred, '08.
Thomas, Grace, '09.
Thomas, Donald B., '12.
Thompson, Ola, '98.
Thompson, Jessie (Comstock), '98.
Thompson, Millie (deceased), '99.
Thompson, Iduna, '03.
Thompson, Albert, '05.
Thompson, Ellen, '08.
Tindall, Charles L., '94.
Todd, Agnes (Moulden), '00.
Toles, Mabel, '13.
Toms, Lowell, '14.
Trees, Earl McMahon (deceased), '08.
Treewert, Sina (Walker), '85.
Tyner, Bertha, '93.
Tyner, Mirian, '96.
Tyner, Bertha (Carr), '00.

V

Vaughn, Jessie, '03.
Vaughn Gertrude, '15.
Vawter, Mary (deceased), '83.
Vawter, Clara (deceased), '89.
Vetters, Carl, '06.
Vetters, John, '08.

W

Walls, Maude (Patterson), '94.
Wallsmith, Henry, '06.
Wallsmith, Elmina (Binford), '07.
Walker, Margaret (White), '99.
Walker, Fred, '00.
Walker, Claude, '02.
Walker, Charles, '02.
Walker, Earl, '04.
Walker, Verna, '07.
Walker, John Edwin, '09.
Walker, Lucile, '11.
Walker, Marthena, '11.
Walker, John, '15.
Walker, Electa, '15.
Walton, Nellie (Millikan), '89.
Warrum, Henry, '84.
Warrum, Jesse, '05.
Warrum, Ernest, '05.
Weaver, Buela (Stope), '97.
Weber, Alta, '04.
Weber, Earl, '10.
Welsh, Flo (Borrey), '93.
Wheeler, Pearl (Pauley), '09.
Wheeler, Verlin, '11.
Whetzel, Paul, '05.
Whetzel, Margaret, '08.
Whitaker, Ruby (Grey), '00.
White, Kate (Hagans), '07.
White, Mattie (Anderson), '07.
White, Clarence, '14.
Williams, Edgar J., '79.
Williams, Walter T., '84.
Williams, Frank, '91.
Willis, Lois (Bogardus), '06.
Willman, Oscar, '15.
Wills, Charles M., '94.
Williams, Gertie, '91.
Williams, Jennie (Goble), '92.
Williams, Rachel, '12.
Williamson, Arthur, '93.
Wilson, George, '80.
Wilson, Daisy (Steele), '87.
Wilson, Nannie (Walker), '87.
Wilson, John (deceased), '89.
Wilson, John T., '93.
Wilson, Crystal (Botsford), '00.
Wilson, Henry B., '00.
Wilson, Milo Earl, '07.
Wilson, Howard Clay, '09.
Wilson, Opal, '10.
Wilson, Merrill, '12.
Wilson, Mary, '13.
Wilson, Josephine, '15.
Winn, Carrie, '00.
Winslow, Ralph, '15.
Wolf, Kate (Harlan), '03.
Wolley, Nida (Card), '95.
Wood, Ollie, '82.
Wood, Ruth, '10.
Wood, Hazel, '15.

Y

Yelton, Hester, '12.
Yelton, Anna, '15.
Yetter, Estel H., '09.

Z

Zimmerman, Clemma (Hastings), '98.
Zimmerman, Nora (Corcoran), '05.

Representatives of Greenfield High School Alumni in Colleges

Purdue.

William P. Johnson, '97.
Harvey Barrett, '00.
Will Fitz, '00.
Fred Walker, '00.
Walter Black, '01.
Ray Havens, '01.
Samuel B. Hughes, '02.
James Black, '03.
Raymond Bragg, '03.
William Mints, '05.
Forest M. Henley, '06.
Clarence Hufford, '06.
Clarence Heizer Barr, '07.
Hugh V. Goble, '07.
Bernard Orland Knight, '08.
Hazel Loehr Shillings, '08.
Paul Pierce, '09.
Frank Sipe, '09.
Joseph Quirley, '10.
William A. Barnard, '11.
Lois Boyce Zahn, '11.
Van Tuyle Oxer, '11.
Robert Bentley (deceased), '12.
Bruce Goble, '12.
Nelson Black, '13.
Louis Morehead, '13.
Richard Morgan, '13.
Draper McCrea, '14.
Clarence White, '14.
Karl Stoner, '15.
John Walker, '15.

CAMARADERIE

Indiana.

George H. Cooper, '79.
George S. Wilson, '80.
Lena Banks Gant, '81.
Viola (Banks) Spencer, '82.
Clara Offutt, '92.
Edgar A. Binford (deceased), '93.
Clare Duncan, '93.
Robert E. Martin, '93.
John B. Hinchman, '94.
Viola Ham Goble, '96.
Samuel Offutt, '96.
Clarence Strickland, '98.
Ethel Harlan, '99.
Nelle Baldwin, '00.
Henry B. Wilson, '00.
Grace Gable Strickland, '01.
Clara Hagans Havens, '05.
Nora Corcoran Zimmerman, '05.
John Leslie, '04.
Charles Smith, '04.
Mary Sample, '04.
Harry Eagan, '05.
Lester Gifford, '05.
Mable Ham Kitterman, '05.
Jesse Warrum, '05.
Jessie McMamel, '06.
Elmer Bussell, '05.
Earl E. Boring, '08.
Clyde Morrison, '09.
Carl F. Brand, '10.
Emmett Choate, '10.
Lester Foster, '10.
Russell H. Strickland, '10.
Hurbert Morrison, '11.
Catherine Cooper Eagan, '12.
Marve Frost, '12.
Russel Stuart, '13.
Alice Elliott, '14.
Hugh Amick, '14.
Ralph Winslow, '15.
Oscar Willman, '15.

Indiana Medical.

Herbert Bruner, '06.
John Philip Bruner (deceased), '07.
Scott Edwards, '09.

Indiana Law School.

Charles L. Tindall, '94.
Charles E. Cook, '98.
Chauncey Duncan, '03.
Waldo Ging, '10.

DePauw.

William A. Hough, '82.
E. P. Thayer, Jr., '82.
Henry Warrum, '84.
Jessie Hamilton Shannon, '85.
Daisy Steele Wilson, '87.
Chesteen Smith, '89.
Bessie Hutchinson, '91.
Ella Marsh Hough, '91.
Ida Steele Barrett, '92.
Fannie Moulden Cleary, '92.
John A. Rhue, '93.
Ferd Fisher, '96.
Samuel Offut, '96.
Walter Stoner, '96.
Gertrude Larrimore Lichliter, '96.
Jessie Scott Cline, '97.
Ruth Stone, '00.
Maude Thomas, '00.
Agnes Moulden Todd, '00.
Mary Duncan Cates, '01.
Neva Pilkenton Chittick, '01.
Anna Garrison Moore, '02.
Marie Pilkenton Hughes, '03.
Joseph Larrimore, '04.
Stella Thompson Brooks, '04.
Florence Binford McCutcheon, '06.
Harry Segar Slifer, '07.
De Witt Clinton Cooper, '08.
John C. Binford, '10.
Raymond B. Orr, '10.
Paul M. Ogg, '12.
Ellen Thompson, '12.
Rachel Williams, '12.
Dorothy Cook, '14.
Rosalind Gant, '14.
Lowell Toms, '14.
Gertrude Vaughn, '15.
Forest Mason, '15.

Butler.

Charles M. Wills, '94.
Kate Griffin Johnson, '96.
Samuel Offutt, '96.
Rhoda Coffield, '97.
Elizabeth Poulson Howe, '98.
Helen Downing McGaughey, '99.
John F. Mitchell, Jr., '01.
Fred O. Bidgood, '02.
Roscoe Thomas, '02.
Elizabeth Bidgood, '03.
Agnes Fort, '03.
Jessie Mints Richie, '05.
Mary Pavey, '05.
Edith Poulson, '05.
Beulah Meek Garriott, '06.
Lillian New Lyle, '07.
Marion Paul Bottsford, '07.
Mabel Gant Murphy, '07.
Lawrence Earl Garriott, '07.
Bess Hittle Gloyd, '07.
Nell Reed Offutt, '07.
Harry Roscoe Stewart, '07.
Lois Cooper Cotton, '08.
Mabel Melcenna Felt, '08.
Martha Anna Kitterman, '08.
Mary Montgomery McKay, '08.
Gertrude McDonald, '08.
Genevieve New, '08.
Bertha Orr, '08.
Jesse Pavey, '08.

Mary Bragg Hughes, '09.
Elsie Davis Mitchell, '09.
Guinevere Ham, '09.
Lawrence Kinder, '09.
Mary Jackson Tranter, '09.
Lena Pavey, '09.
Joseph Staley, '09.
Letta Binford, '10.
Lucy Hughes Murray, '10.
Hilda Kinder, '11.
Ralph Arnold, '11.
Paul Ogg, '12.
Rex Rafferty, '12.
Isabelle Hughes, '12.
Ralph Tapscott, '12.
Urith Dailey, '13.
Ruth Hilt, '13.
Laura Ann Reed, '13.
Nial Blue, '14.
Frances Groff, '14.
Miner Pugh, '14.
Edith Dailey, '15.

Earlham.

Nora Henby, '97.
Martha Binford French, '98.
Dora Binford Bond, '98.
Homer Binford, '01.
Abbie Henby, '03.
Will Elliott, '04.
Mary Binford Bentley, '05.
Myrtle Boblett Chambers, '05.
Herbert Bruner, '06.
Elmina Binford Wallsmith, '07.
John Philip Bruner (deceased), '07.
Catherine Pusey, '07.
Ethel Ray Eagan, '08.
Hazel Dell Rees, '08.
Pearl Butler, '09.
Mary Elliott Brown, '09.
Ruth Goble, '09.
Anna Pearl Hamilton, '09.
Frances Burke, '10.
Gertrude Cooper, '10.
Berry Willis Cooper, '11.
Isabelle Hughes, '12.
Bernice Boone, '12.
Helen Gant Green, '12.
Mary Henley Binford, '12.
Ralph Bruner, '14.
Sheldon Cooper, '14.
Lena Hivor, '14.
Freda Kirkpatrick, '14.
Martha Kirkpatrick, '14.

Western.

Helen Conwell, '11.
Louise Thayer, '13.
Virginia Cooper, '15.

Indiana State Normal.

Laura Pope Reed, '79.
Myrtle Binford Thompson, '00.
Edna Butler, '03.
Pearl Collyer, '03.
Effie Barclay McDougall, '07.
Nannie Hagans Hiday, '09.
Lillian Goble, '10.
Rosa Garriott, '12.
Corda Howard, '12.
Merrill Wilson, '12.
Hester Yelton, '12.
Nora Page, '14.
Edna Jackson, '14.
Olivia Moore, '14.

Terre Haute Normal.

Albert Frost (deceased), '90.

Chicago University.

Ida B. Geary, '79.
Samuel J. Offutt, '96.
Berry Willis Cooper, '11.
Sheldon Cooper, '14.

Chicago Medical University.

Ralph Arnold, '11.

Chicago Musical College.

Mary Isabelle Slusser Burke, '07.

Michigan University.

Ella Bourne, '86.
Earl Sample, '94.
Chauncey Duncan, '03.

Oxford.

Beulah Swope Weaver, '97.

Cincinnati University.

Estel H. Yetter, '09.

Mrs. Blaker's.

Alma Justice, '10.
Mae Moxley, '10.
Naomi Tappscott, '15.
Anna Kimpel, '15.

Hamilton.

Lucile Downing, '12.

Valparaiso Normal.

Lovell Leary, '12.

Winona.

Helen Stringer, '12.

Central Business College.

Herma Bohm, '13.
Malcolm Hancock, '13.
Ruth Amick, '14.
Marguerite Gorman, '14.

Moores Hill.

Anna McKown, '13.

Notre Dame Law.

E. F. Quigley, '99.

Metropolitan School of Music.

Elsie Barret Berkebill, '00.
Naomi Elliott, '12.
Florence Fritch, '14.

Yale.

John F. Mitchell, Jr., '01.

Wabash.

James Poulson, '01.

Harvard.

Roscoe Thomas, '02.

Wesleyan.

Harry Segar Slifer, '07.

Rose Poly.

Charles Holloway Barrett, '08.

Wisconsin.

Nelle Mae Martin, '08.

We seem to have a very large list of graduates who are, or who have been, teachers. We are proud to know that they were successful enough in learning to teach others.

Ida B. Geary, '79.
Lizzie Harris, '82.
Alice M. Glascock, '84.
Ida Steel Barret, '92.
Arthur Williamson, '93.
Margaret Baldwin, '95.
Nida Card Wooley, '95.
Rhoda Coffield, '97.
Nora Henby, '97.
Earl Binford, '99.
Ethel Harlan, '99.
Nelle Baldwin, '00.
Hugh Souder, '00.
Maud Thomas, '00.
Nelle Curtis, '01.
Virginia Morton Ehlert, '01.
Maud Iliff, '02.
Kate Morton, '02.
Selma Stephens, '02.
Edna Butler, '03.
Clara Hagans Havens, '03.
Jennie Jackson, '03.
Pearl Collyer, '03.
Agnes Frost, '03.
Helena Amick, '04.
Frank Boone, '04.
Mary Sample, '04.
Chester Murphy, '04.
Claudia Teel Dares, '04.
Mary Pavey, '05.
Nora Corcoran Zimmerman, '05.
Jesse Warrum, '05.
Charles Boone, '06.
Laura Black Liek, '06.
Mary Hanna, '06.
Jacobina Morton Allen, '06.
Lillian New Monger Lyles, '06.
Florence Amick, '07.
Nellie Kinsley, '07.
Marion Paul Botsford, '07.
Mabel Gant Murphy, '07.
Bess Hill Hittle, '07.
Nell Reed Offutt, '07.
Elizabeth Curry, '08.
Fannie Margaret Black, '08.
Ethel Ray Eagan, '06.
Mary Montgomery (McKay), '08.
Gertrude McDonald, '08.
Genevieve New, '08.
Hazel Dell Rees, '08.
Ida Belle Schramm, '08.
Mary Bragg Hughes, '09.
Ruth Goble, '09.
Pearl Butler, '09.
Nannie Hagans Hiday, '09.
Guinevere Ham, '09.
Joseph Howard Macey, '09.
Lena Pavey, '09.
Effie Juanita Reed, '09.
Dora Arnold, '10.
Carl F. Brand, '10.
Frances Burk, '10.
Lillian Curry, '10.
Mae Dismore Vetters, '10.
Lester Foster, '10.
Lillian Goble, '10.
Lucy M. Hughes Murray, '10.
Alma Justice, '10.
Mae Moxley, '10.
Della Rasener, '10.
Ralph M. Arnold, '11.
Gladys Anna Teel, '11.
Bernice Boone, '12.
Hester Yelton, '12.
Nema Binford, '12.
Marvel Frost, '12.
Rosa Garriott, '12.
Merrill Wilson, '12.
Alice Elliott, '14.
Lucille Ging, '14.
Naomi Tapscott, '15.
Hazel Wood, '15.
Anna Kimpel, '15.
Meridith Mayfield, '15.

CAMARADERIE

Look over this list and see how the graduates of old Greenfield High School prosper:

George Cooper, '79, is one of our prominent bankers, and a candidate for representative from this district.

James Goble, '81, is president of the Goble Printing Co.

W. A. Hough, '82, is one of our most successful lawyers.

Ed. Glascock, '91, is one of the leading members of the Hancock bar.

Elijah Henby, '92, owns the Pan-Handle Nursery.

Earl Sample, '94, is judge of the Hancock Circuit Court.

John Hinchman, '94, is the city attorney.

Sam J. Offutt, '96, is a lawyer.

Wm. P. Johnson, '97, conducts one of the best drug stores in town.

Paul F. Binford, '98, is a lawyer.

Chas. H. Cook has one of the best law businesses to be found in the city.

Harriett Sivey Thomas, '98, is a music teacher.

Harvey J. Rhue, '03, is auditor of Hancock county.

Paul New, '04, is president of the Greenfield Milling Co.

Herbert Bruner, '06, is a very promising physician and surgeon.

Walter Myers, '06, is a promising young business man.

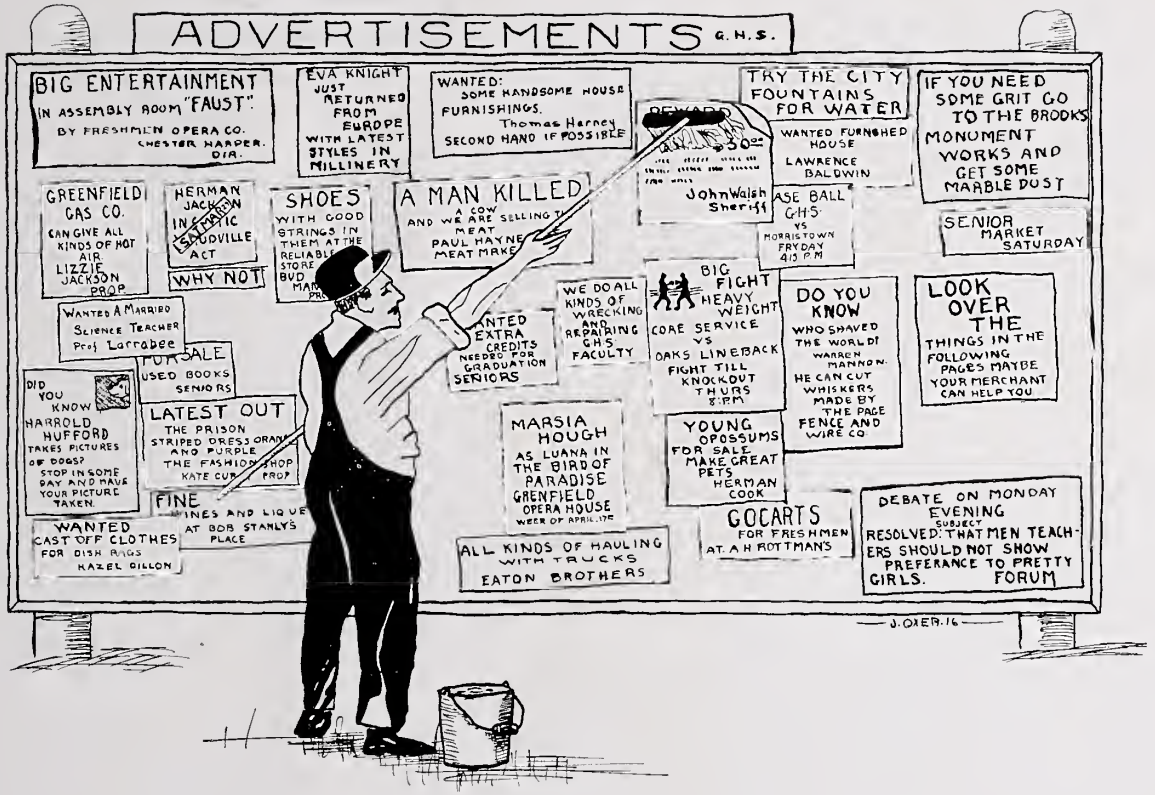
W. E. Bussel, '05, is the county attorney.

John F. Mitchell, Jr., '01, with his father has one of the best printing plants in the State.

Herbert Monger, '09, is an automobile dealer.

Charles Boone, formerly a teacher in Greenfield High School, is a candidate for surveyor.

Harry Strickland is a prominent business man.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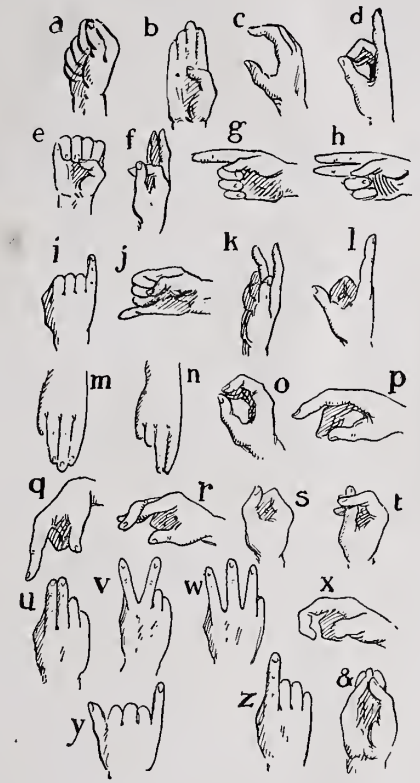

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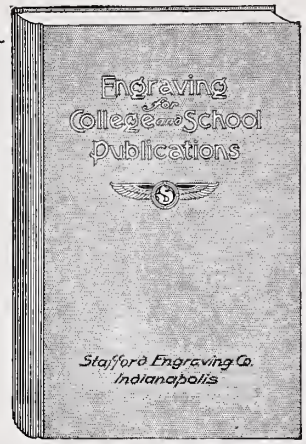

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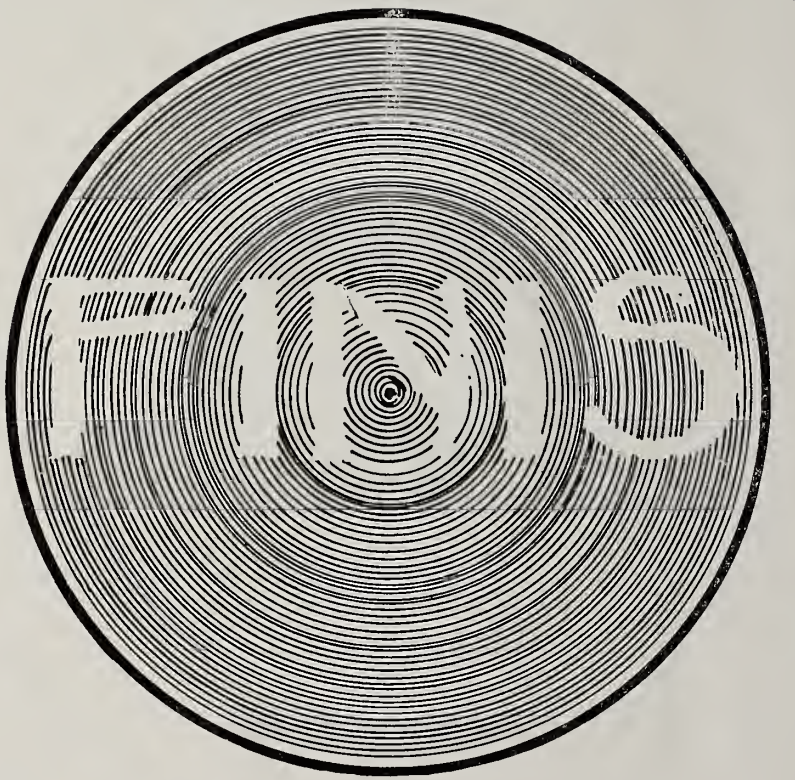

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